



CHINA



MAIL

No. 36805

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1957.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN
DAKS
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
IN ACTION TROUSERS
Whiteaways
HONGKONG, KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

KING'S COMEBACK

MUCH interest has centred around the announcement from Madrid that when Franco goes, the semblance of a monarchy is to be restored. Whether Don Juan, the pretender, or Don Carlos his son, succeeds is a matter for speculation. If General Franco has made anything clear it is his preference for the son, Don Juan, on the other hand, has other ideas.

The new monarchy is, however, less important than the fact that Franco has given the first clear indication of how the country is to be governed after his death or retirement. Senor Carrero, Secretary of the Presidency of the Government, told the national assembly that the monarchy would be "neither liberal, nor absolute". It would not have Franco's powers but would "have to serve loyally the principles of the regime".

In short, "the regime" is to continue. The restoration of the monarchy means only that the country is to be directed through its traditional form of government even though there is little evidence of popular support for a restoration and the regime are themselves divided on the question.

OBSURE IDEAL

THE decision to restore the monarchy still leaves one big question unanswered: who will succeed Franco as the head of the regime? If the king is to serve the principles of the regime, he is to be a servant, not a ruler—something like the constitutional monarchs in other parts of Europe—and Franco will still have to find one strong and popular enough to rule through the king's person.

Chances of democratic government are non-existent. The monarchy, we are reminded, is to be neither liberal, nor absolute. The ideal is a little obscure—what is the middle way between the two? Inevitably circumstances will dictate a swing to one of the extremes, either of which could be dangerous and lead to a permanent list to absolutism. In fact the whole announcement leaves little cause for cheer.

TOP SECRET OPERATION

They're Out To Capture The Wily Talib

by Colin Lawson

Sharjah, July 26.
A TOP secret operation is being planned to capture the real brain behind the uprising in Muscat and Oman.

Britain Sets Deadline

London, July 26.
The Royal Air Force will intensify its action against the rebels of the Sultanate of Oman and Muscat because the British Government is anxious to end the insurrection before the end of next week, if possible, informed sources said today.

The government believes that a prolongation of the affair might lead to international complications. Up to now, the threat of an Arab appeal to the United Nations has not been taken very seriously by the Government, which believes that such a move would be against the policy followed in recent months by Egypt, the sources said.

FEAR OF SAUDI

Some British circles, however, expressed the fear that King Saud of Saudi Arabia would use the local conflict if it were to continue, to appeal urgently to the United States and renew his old frontier demands concerning the Buraimi Oasis, the gate to the British protectorates along the Persian Gulf.

The United States Government so far has shown complete understanding of the British viewpoint and has been informed of all planned measures before their execution, official circles said.—France-Press.

Leaving Korea

London, July 26.
The bulk of the Commonwealth contingent in South Korea, about 1,200 men, will sail from Inchon tomorrow aboard the troopship Asturias, the War Office announced tonight.—France-Press.

He is Ali Bin Talib, brother of the Imam. He is violently anti-British and was given refuge by King Saud.

EXTRA PATROLS

He has opened a "Liberation Office for Muscat and Oman" in Cairo.

From Saudi Arabia, he himself directed plans for recruiting the army and smuggling weapons.

Along the frontier of Muscat-Buraimi extra patrols of British scouts have been ordered to keep a round-the-clock watch for Talib.

Royal Navy frigates are stopping all ships and other shipping which could be carrying him.

Talib is known to have made two secret trips into Muscat from Saudi Arabia. Once he was disguised as a woman.

SULTAN'S ORDER

He went into the hills from where the present rising was sparked off, rallying support with wild promises of Saudi and Egyptian aid.

The Sultan has ordered that Talib must be captured. His brother, Ghailib, broke a promise to stay quietly in his village under the protection of the local sheik. But within two days he had joined Talib and proclaimed himself leader of the holy war.

MAY LOSE HIS LIFE

Ghailib if captured will be placed in the Muscat fort but Talib who is considered dangerous may well forfeit his life—if he's caught.

Official Death Toll: 618

Tokyo, July 27.
The dead and missing toll officially reported by the Japanese police from Japan's southern island of Kyushu this morning rose to a staggering 618.—United Press.

Hongkong's October Fashion Show Will Be A Dazzler

by a China Mail Reporter

GORGEOUS gowns by leading British couturiers, gleaming British cars of latest design and Hongkong's loveliest mannequins will combine to present one of the most dazzling fashion shows ever to be held in Hongkong in October.

It will be held in the Jockey Club enclosure on two days—October 24 and 25.

This autumn event, which is in aid of the Society for the Protection of Children, will be unique in featuring some of the attractions of a Concours d'Elegance with the evening fashion parade, under floodlights, out of doors.

A special car ramp will be erected and beautifully-gowned models will be seen arriving in an equally elegant automobile, in the Jockey Club grounds.

The British Trade Commissioner, Mr G. B. W. Harrison, will be sponsoring the show which will feature British cars, textiles and fashion creations.

There will also be Chinese gowns by local designers who have attracted much interest in the East, and many other parts of the world where they have been spotlighted by television and the press.

Many fashion houses in the Colony have offered stylish contributions to the show, and up-to-date accessories are being sent out from England.

There is much interest among younger members of the social set. Thirty mannequins—who give their services in aid of the charity—are shortly to be selected.

Mrs E. L. Elias is Convenor of this year's show.

Boy Scout Group Off To U.K.

The Colony's Boy Scout contingent to the world jamboree to be held at Sutton Coldfield, left by BOAC this morning.

The 12-member contingent, including one sea scout, was led by Mr. L. M. Kwai-fook, District Commissioner of Wanchai.

Mr. Lau, who has been a scout for 21 years, said that they were very happy to be able to represent the Colony's scouts and "we will do everything possible to make Hongkong proud."

The group included six scouts from the Island, two from Kowloon and four from the New Territories.

The Youngest

The youngest member is a 12-year-old boy from the New Territories, who is making his first trip out of Hongkong.

He is So Nam, a student in the Yau Long Primary School. He has been a scout for three years. The people seeing the contingent off were the Chairman of the Boy Scout Association Mr F. E. Cline; the Deputy Chairman, Mr G. R. Ross; the Colony Commissioner Mr J. W. Cockburn and the Deputy Colony Commissioner Mr Stephen Wong, and parents and friends of the 12 representatives.

Quarantine Demand For 2 Siamese Cats

AMERICAN WOMAN WINS FIRST ROUND

Singapore, July 26.
THE combined efforts of an American Consular representative, the Singapore Police and the Veterinary authorities failed to wrest possession of two Siamese cats brought into the Colony by Mrs Morton Berger of New York last night.

Mrs Berger arrived from Bombay by the Italian liner Victoria from Bombay with her two cats in specially made transparent plastic cages.

She and her husband, who met her at the docks, got through immigration and customs without any trouble.

Trouble began when the Veterinary authorities spotted the cats in a picture which was printed in an English language newspaper.

My Dead Body

A veterinary assistant was sent to the hotel where the Berbers and their cats were staying to take the two felines for quarantine. Mrs Berger told the veterinary assistant firmly "take my cats away! Over my dead body!"

After a heated argument, Mr Berger said, "the law is the law. If our cats must be quarantined, we will agree if they are quarantined right in this room."

The veterinary assistant was not satisfied. He called his boss on the telephone, who in turn called the police.

Acting Assistant Superintendent of Police Reggie de Silva arrived at the hotel "to see if there was a breach of the peace."

There was none except a stalemate on the issue of quarantine.

As the arguments continued, Chief Veterinary Officer R. A. Wright called the American Consul General, U.S. Consul J. F. Collins arrived and eventually arranged the "truce."

New Flood Threat In Shantung

Peking, July 26.

More torrential rain in the upper basin of the Wenho River has caused renewed flooding in parts of Honan and Shantung Provinces, already seriously devastated last week, and has extended the flooding to the valleys of two more tributaries of the Yellow River.

With large numbers already evacuated by the Army and Red Cross, there are believed to have been no victims in the new flooding, but considerable damage has been caused.

Last week's flood waters had begun to recede earlier this week.

The new flooding is particularly severe along the southern basin of the Wenho River, part of which runs alongside the course of the ancient Imperial Shanghai-Peking Grand Canal.

The Yangtze River is also approaching the danger level above Wuhan, weeks before the normal high water season, and two of its tributaries have already topped the danger level.—France-Press.

Nearly Lost

New York, July 26.
The United States Navy ammunition ship Munna Loa loaded with 3,500 tons of explosives reported a fire aboard today but got the blaze under control before an armada of rescue ships reached the scene.—China Mail Special.

HK Traders' Visa Problems All Settled

Singapore, July 26.
The Singapore Immigration authorities have already issued entry permits to 55 Hongkong traders and manufacturers to enable them to participate in the Hongkong Trade Exhibition, it was officially stated today.

The exhibition will be opened at Singapore's Happy World Amusement Park on August 8.

The two-week fair displaying more than HK\$2,000,000 worth of Hongkong products was originally scheduled to begin on August 1, but was delayed due to visas.

Mr. Chong Chung-man, Hongkong manufacturers' representative, who has been in the Colony for about two weeks to finalise exhibition arrangements, said that the full Hongkong team would arrive here on August 5.

From Singapore, the exhibition will move on to Kuala Lumpur, Federal capital, on August 21 in time to attract overseas guests and visitors to Malaya's independence celebrations.—France-Press.

MOST APPROVED

A spokesman for the Chinese Manufacturers' Union said this morning that the majority of the 63 applications for entry permits into Singapore made through the Union had been approved.

The Union received confirmation of this last Wednesday and he added that the Hongkong Immigration in particular, and the Government in general, had been very helpful in finalising the applications.

The spokesman said careful checking by the Singapore government was necessary because of the recent troubles occurring there.

He added, however, that 10 Hongkong representatives left the Colony by the BOAC this morning and the others would be leaving later.

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IBBOTSON WARNED

London, July 26.

Mr Jack Crump, Secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Board, today warned Britain's new world record holder for the mile Derek Ibbotson against writing for the press.

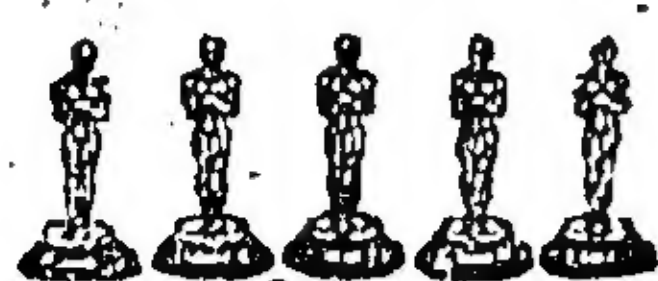
Mr Crump's telegram warning was announced after the London morning newspaper "Daily Mail" had said that it would carry Ibbotson's life story in a series starting next Monday.

The "Daily Mail" later issued a statement to the effect that Ibbotson had not written the article, which was merely an interview with one of the newspaper's sports reporters.

"Ibbotson has not and will not receive any payment in connection with the interview, nor was such a payment ever contemplated," the newspaper's statement said.—France-Press.

KING'S PRINCESS

OPENS TO-DAY



Winner of

5 Academy Awards

A Love Story
That Will
Live For
Everyone!



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
CLIFT · TAYLOR · WINTERS
A George Stevens Production
A PLACE IN THE SUN

BOOK
EARLY!

EXTRA SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M.
KING'S presents PRINCESS presents
"TOM & JERRY" M-G-M DISNEY — R.K.O.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

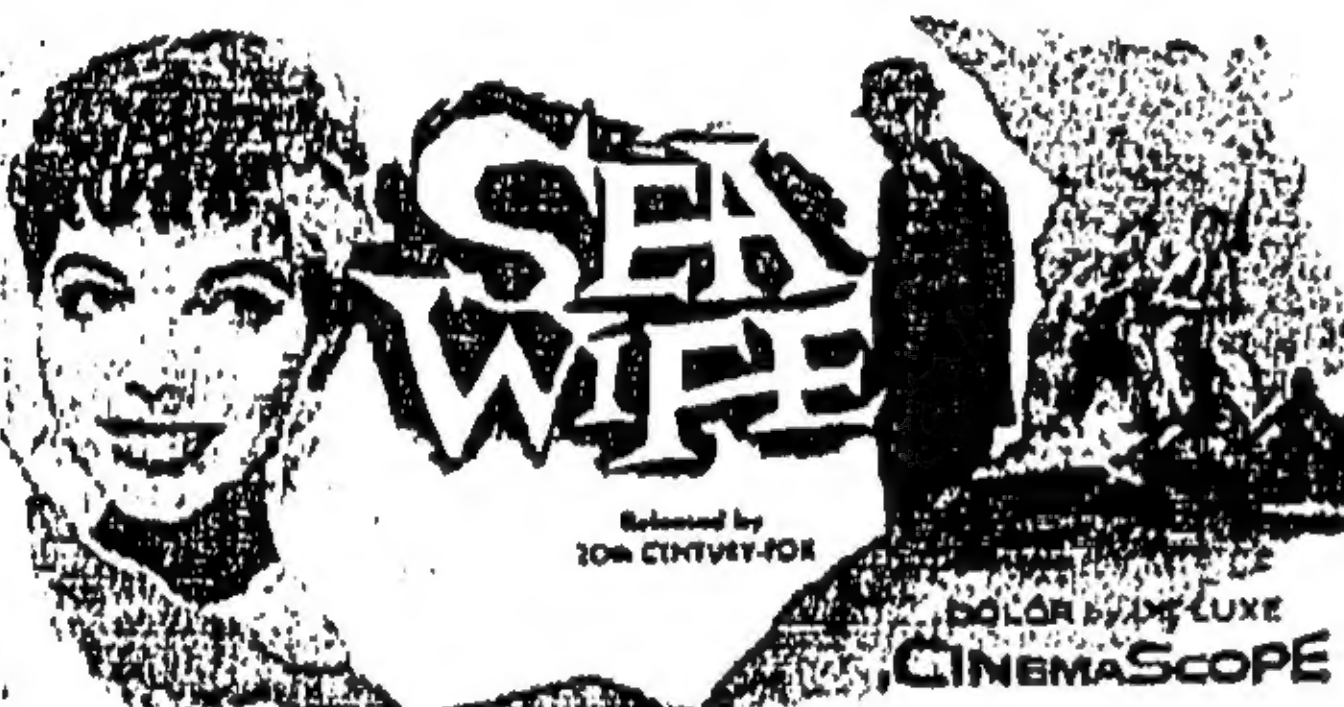
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

TO-DAY ONLY

Please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

One of the most challenging stories of faith ever told!



JOAN COLLINS · RICHARD BURTON · BASIL SYDNEY and introducing CY GRANT

ADDED ATTRACTIONS! CINEMASCOPE FEATURETTE
"LAND OF THE BIBLE" Color by De Luxe

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents
Sylvana Mangano in "A N N A"
At Reduced Prices

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★

Margaret LEIGHTON · Ralph RICHARDSON

The Passionate
Stranger



With Eastman Color Sequences
A 20th Century-Fox Release
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

"First Choice of the Wise Traveller"

C. W. HENNING
English Tailor

305 GREAT CHINA HOUSE
8 QUEEN'S RD. C.
HONG KONG
TELEPHONE 22817

The Only English Cutter in Hongkong
DIRECT FROM LONDON

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

New Films At A Glance SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY:
"Designing Woman":
Career girl Laurea
Bacall marries news-
paperman Gregory Peck
and the light is on. With
Dolores Gray, Alvy
Moore.

KING'S and PRINCESS:
"A Place in the Sun":
A re-issue. Montgo-
mery Clift murders the
girl who stands in the
way of his rich mar-
riage. With Elizabeth
Taylor and Shelley
Winters.

METROPOLE and STAR:
"Huk": Americans and
Filipinos band together
to rout the Huk terrorists
in an outlying province
of the Philippines.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
"Calypso Heat Wave":
Musical wrapped
around the latest song
and dance craze. Johnny
Desmond, The Tremiers
and The Tremiers.

ROXY and BROADWAY:
"Sea Wife": Three men
in a boat adrift with a
nun. Joan Collins,
Richard Burton, Basil
Sydney, Cy Grant.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY:
"Lizzie": Eleanor Farber
in good, bad and in-
different as she reveals
the three sides of her
character. With Richard
Boone, Joan Blondell,
Hugo Haas.

KING'S and PRINCESS:
"The Buster Keaton
Story": The back-stage
life of the famous dead-
pan comedian. With
Donald O'Connor in the
title role.

METROPOLE and STAR:
"Gun Brothers": A
western. Buster Crabbe,
Neville Brand, Ann
Robinson.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:
"Doctor At Large":
Dirk Bogarde goes into
mole rat water in his
search for the perfect
post. With James Rob-
ertson, Muriel
Faylow, Michael Medwin.

ROXY and BROADWAY:
"Bernadine": The grow-
ing pains of present day
American college boys.
Pat Boone, Janet Gay-
nor, Terry Moore, Dean
Jagger.



This is how The Tremiers look in action in Calypso Heat Wave.

"A Place in the Sun"

Montgomery Clift has made few pictures over the last few years and apart from "Indiscretion of an American Wife", made in Rome that he and Jennifer Jones managed to lift from the dreariness of the original plot, "A Place in the Sun" is all we have to recall him to mind.

From the various magazines pandering to the empty minds of those who want to pry into the private lives of those who entertain them, it would seem that off screen Clift is not a very happy man. He reflects this in "A Place in the Sun".

Fiercely ambitious, weak where women are concerned and unable to face up to reality he allows his vanity to be fed by the dumb affection of a simple girl from his own environment. His striving for a better standard of existence cannot exclude women entirely and Shelley Winters provides the necessary counter-balance.

A Bore

Along then comes Elizabeth Taylor. She is wealthy, pretty, poised and the complete opposite of the girl who is now becoming a bore and a nuisance with her pleas for Clift to marry her to give in name to the child she is going to have.

Like a cornered rabbit Clift is tormented by ambition and desire for the pampered Eliza-
beth and distaste and reluctant

ply for the now blowzy Shelley. The weakest member of the cast is Elizabeth Taylor, who, with her always-parted lips succeeds only in looking stupid when the director must have meant her to exude sex. Shelley Winters is better as the clinging vine who writes her own death warrant with her whining and Clift himself is convincing enough to wring a little sympathy for the essential weakness of the character he plays.

It's a gloomy picture though, and doesn't seem to have a great deal of point.

Pleasant

Calypso Heat Wave:
If you've seen the Rock 'N' Roll pictures and those featuring the Cha-Cha-Cha you'll know the form where "Calypso Heat Wave" is concerned.

The particular style of music indicated by the title is woven into a story in which the star rises from a nobody to a somebody, and goes on from there to success after success.

"Calypso Heat Wave" has the usual pleasant people supporting the star, who this time is Johnny Desmond combining straight American in the dialogue parts with the oddy-phrased West Indian words in his songs. Joel Grey is a competent dancer—rather like Russ Tam-
blyn in looks and technique—and Michael Granger makes a laughable musical comedy crook. The whole thing is pleasant, easy-going, entertainment.

Too Blue

Huk:
Unlike my pre-viewing feelings about some much better advertised films, I went to "Huk" on Thursday afternoon with no great expectations and quite a few misgivings. I'm happy to be able to say that many of them were dispelled.

There is too much blue in the colour process the heroism—Mona Freeman—is hardly the streamlined greyhound usually picked to represent feminine pulchritude and the fight scenes, though exciting enough are on the old fashioned scale of one

hero per six villains. But in spite of its drawbacks it's a good, fast-paced outdoor picture with the added advantage of being based on true life events that happened in this part of the world as recently as 1951. Mona Freeman and her husband, played by John Baur are about to leave one of the distant provinces of the Philip-
pines for Manila, at the begin-
ning of the picture. There has
just been a vicious raid by a
band of Huk terrorists and the
plantation they manage, together
with Baur's father, is the parti-
cular target of the Huk leader.

Absentee

George Montgomery then comes into the story. He is the absentee landlord returning from America to sell the plantation for as much as he can get for it and then move back into less dangerous spheres.

For some reason this perfectly normal outlook gets him a curled lip from Mona Freeman when she meets him at Manila airport and her frosty reception of his business, flitting before he realises that she is married to his employee seems equally disproportionate. Later, how-
ever, we are cooly let into the secret of the relationship be-
tween her young and handsome husband and herself, which is apparently the reason for the cold shoulder she offers to Montgomery.

The boss himself also has his mental disturbances it seems and the cheerful grin with which he receives condolences on the recent death of his father warns us that we're not going to get away with mere fighting between the planters and the Huks.

Psychology

Psychology is going to get thrown in too.

There is an assured performance from the Filipino major in charge of the troops whose arrival on most occasions just in the nick of time drew loud cheers from the youthful audience at Thursday afternoon's show. His quiet sincerity made the exuberance of his fellow countryman playing the Huk leader seem theatrical by comparison.

The scraps were exciting and it was obvious that the producer was no novice. He is Collier Young, husband of Joan Fontaine.



RETURN ENGAGEMENT
TO-DAY ONLY

RECKLESS LOVE
made
desperate by
danger!



Opens To-morrow
"THE MAGNIFICENT
MATADOR"

HOOVER · LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 7857 KOWLOON TEL 6048 6048

TO-DAY 2.30, 5.20, 7.30, & 9.40 P.M.

EXPLOSIVE FUN
in the comedy of the year!



With Perspecta
Stereophonic Sound

GREGORY PECK
LAUREN BACALL
DOLORES GRAY

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.00 — REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER THEATRE
Ava Gardner
Robert Taylor in
"KID YAKUZO RIDE"

LIBERTY THEATRE
An Italian Picture
Toto in
"T A R Z A N"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S
Extra Performance
"CALYPSO HEAT WAVE"
At Regular Prices

ALHAMBRA
Walt Disney's
"PINOCCHIO"
At Reduced Prices

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of
"HUK" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR METROPOLE: UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. in CinemaScope & Color

"HOUSE OF BAMBOO"
Starring: Robert RYAN * Shirley YAMAGUCHI
At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR CONDITIONED

3 SHOWS TO-DAY
At 2.15, 5.40 & 9.00 p.m.
Please note change of times.
First time at popular prices.
A big story of big things & big
Feelings!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.15
TECHNICOLOR CARTOON
PROGRAMME

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW SPECIAL ADDED
AT 12.15 P.M.

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AT 12.15 P.M.

ONE WEEK TO GO! AND THE ENTRIES ARE ROLLING IN

Entries for the China Mail Photographic Competition are rolling in fast now and the competition closes at 12 noon next Saturday.

This gives you still another week to enter your best news and human — or animal — interest pictures for the competition for which a total of \$500 in prizes are being offered.

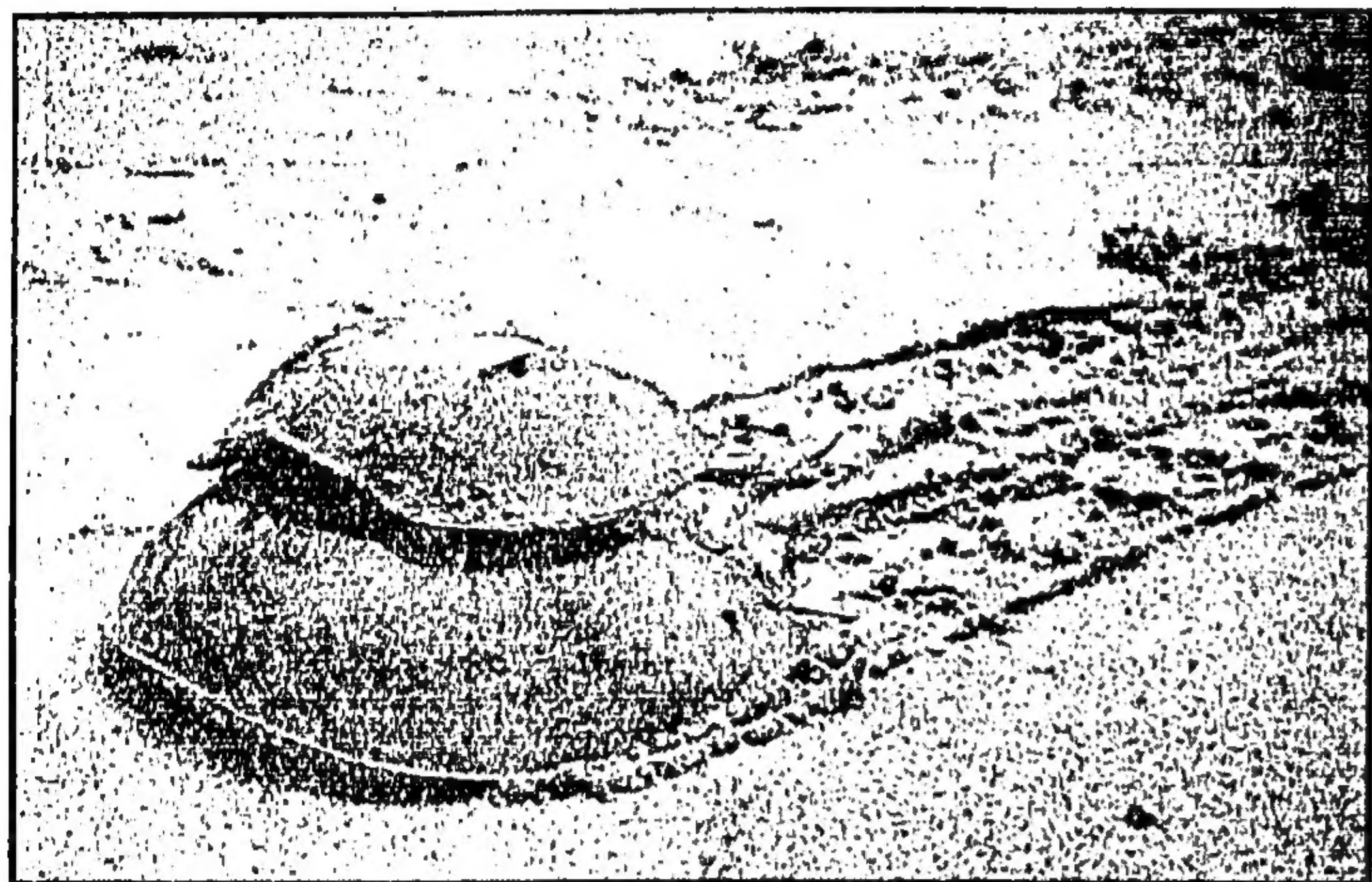
The first prize in the two sec-

tions are \$150 and the second prize is \$100.

Rules and regulations are listed in columns three and four and below is an entry form — cut it out and either paste or clip it to the back of your entry.

Then put your photo in a stiff-backed envelope to avoid damage and post or deliver it to The Editor, the China Mail,

1-3 Wyndham Street, Hong-kong. Below is a picture submitted by a China Mail reader. It was submitted by Chan Fook, 93 Electric Road, third floor, Causeway Bay. It is entitled "Hitch-hiking" and is captioned "One shellfish on the back of another photographed on the Pat O beach, New Territories in June, 1957." What about your entries for the competition, now?



THE CHINA MAIL PHOTO COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

Name and initials

Private address

Caption

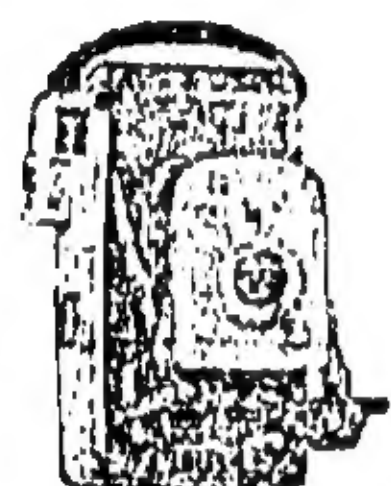
Section

Entrant's declaration: This photograph (these photographs) is (are) my own work and was (were) taken in Hongkong in (year) (month)

SIGNED

This entry form should be either pasted in the top left-hand corner on the back of every photograph submitted or attached with a paper clip.

POLAROID Land
CAMERA
MAGNIFICENT PICTURES
IN 60 SECONDS



MODEL "HIGHLANDER"

Sole Agents
FILMO DEPOT
3RD. FL MARINA HOUSE

Rules And Regulations

1. Entry is free.
2. One entrant may submit two photographs in each section.
3. All entries must be accompanied by the printed slip below, duly completed and signed.
4. All entries must be preferably on glossy-finish paper and measure 6 x 8 or larger.
5. All entries must carry a caption adequately describing the photograph.
6. Retouched photographs will not be accepted.
7. Photographs should be topical but good news photographs taken in previous years are acceptable.
8. The China Mail cannot accept entries from any members of the staff or their families of the South China Morning Post Ltd.
9. Photographs known to have been published in any newspaper, magazine or periodical in this Colony or in any part of the world will not be accepted.
10. All entries submitted become the property of the China Mail and the China Mail reserves the right to exhibit and publish some or all of the entries at a later date.
11. All photographs must have been taken in Hongkong by the entrant.
12. The editor reserves the right to refuse any entry if it is considered in any way offensive, or if it is otherwise unsuitable.
13. The China Mail reserves the right to determine the size of each published picture.
14. No responsibility can be accepted for any deficiencies claimed either in processing or printing but every effort will be made to reproduce photographs to the best of this newspaper's ability.
15. The judges' decision is final and no complaints or appeals will be entertained.

HOTTEST FASHIONS IN TOWN

New York.
Lily Dache's creations are the hottest fashions in town.

Miss Dache was parading her new Autumn styles before 200 fashion editors at the New York Dress Institute's Annual Press Week when a curtain on the stage of the Pierre Hotel's grand ballroom burst into flame.

Undaunted, Miss Dache kept right on talking, while the 200 editors laughed and applauded, until her husband and a handyman doused the flames with an extinguisher.

Hot are lights on the stage had ignited the curtain just as a model in a flame red dress began parading and spraying perfume at the same time.

"This just shows you how my stuff is," Miss Dache declared. "After the show, girls, a fire sale."—United Press.

NO LOVE LOST

London.
Mrs Gladys Marshall was granted a divorce in a London court after she testified that her husband, Leonard, never called her anything for two years but "You Maniac."

She called him "Mr Marshall" or "You Swine," she said.—United Press.

INTERESTING NEWS STORIES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

STUDENT MOB DEBAGS BBC CAMERA CREW

London.
THE dignity of the BBC was shattered when a mob of howling students debagged the Eye to Eye series camera team on London's Albert Bridge.

CONFIDENCE TRICK AT ST PETER'S

Vatican City.
A ban on cameras inside St Peter's Basilica has been lifted following the discovery of what looked like an organised racket to trick pilgrims out of their expensive cameras.

But picture-taking inside the world's greatest church will still be forbidden.
Vatican sources said the ban was lifted to protect pilgrims from the theft of their cameras which until last week had to be left outside the church with a keeper.

TRICKED

The decision was taken after a Swiss pilgrim was tricked into giving up his numbered receipt for the camera he deposited.

After duly depositing his camera outside the church entrance the Swiss pilgrim was handed a ticket numbered 23. He was approached a few minutes later inside the church by a German-speaking official-looking person who told him his number 23 was wrongly given him. The person handed the pilgrim another ticket numbered 35.

When the unsuspecting tourist sought to retrieve his camera with his ticket he was given a battered old one instead of his expensive modern one.—United Press.

The cameramen were rounding off a series based on the exploits of a student in London. They were "assisted" by a lorry-load of students from Chelsea and Battersea Polytechnic colleges. As their lorry moved across the bridge the students, dressed in football jerseys, old shirts, and ragged trousers, jumped down on the team, yelling and cheering.

First to lose his dignity was 50-year-old Mr William Nicklin, a Battersea councillor, and films assistant in the BBC. His knees shook in the sun.

TOO SMART

Then came driver George Dyson, whose trousers fluttered over the heads of the cheering students. As technicians and advisers ran, clutching shirts around their loins, the cry went up: "Where is the producer?"

But Mr Rex Moorfoot had been too smart for them. He had sensed trouble, and beat a hasty retreat to his car on the Battersea end of the bridge.

Were the trousers annoyed? Said Mr Nicklin: "Wonderful fun." Said Mr Dyson: "Just good sport."

JUST FOOLING

Buffalo, N.Y.
Three men walked into Arthur Hardwick's liquor store one night and announced "This is a hold-up!"

"It is not," replied Hardwick, pulling a revolver from beneath his shirt and holding it on the men until police arrived in answer to an alarm system tripped by Hardwick. The men, who were unarmed, told police "We were just fooling."—United Press.

Brer Bear Takes Over Village

Oswegatchie.
THIS northern New York village is being invaded nightly by a horde of bumbling bears.

Police said the animals troop into town after dusk, taking pot luck from garbage cans, hopping through gardens and generally making life unbearable for residents.

Some of the more contented bears just sit down on lawns and rest. Others wander about, gawking at the sights.

Parents haul in their children when the sun sets and the bears set in. Doors and windows are shut tight for protection against the unwanted tourists.

Just before dawn the bears usually amble back into the woods for some private rest and relaxation.—United Press.

POLICEMEN 'WITHOUT PITY'

Paris.
A French weekly said accident-plagued France should learn a lesson from the United States, where drivers are more careful and traffic policemen are "without pity."

"Demain" (Tomorrow) noted in a report on highway slaughter that "when French drivers kill 19 persons, the Americans kill — proportionally — only four."

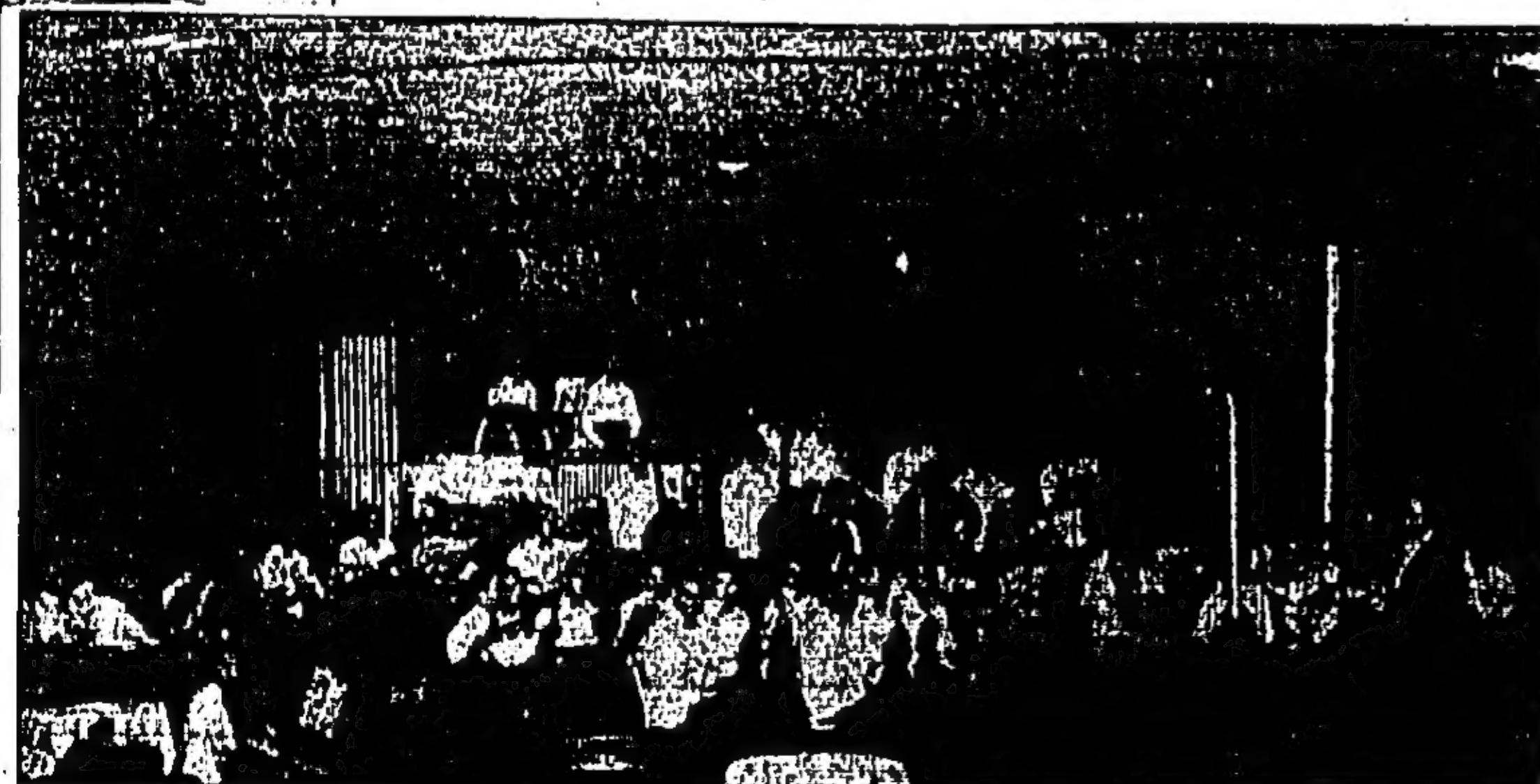
As one remedy, it called for more super-highways, or autobahns, on the American, German and Italian models.

"In the United States the parkways (autostadas) and the discipline which is imposed there have lessened the number of fatalities," the paper said.

"The accidents increase in France from year to year, the number of cars also (600,000 more this year). There were 190,000 injured and 9,000 killed in 1956. The year before the figure was 176,866 injured and 6,078 killed.—United Press.



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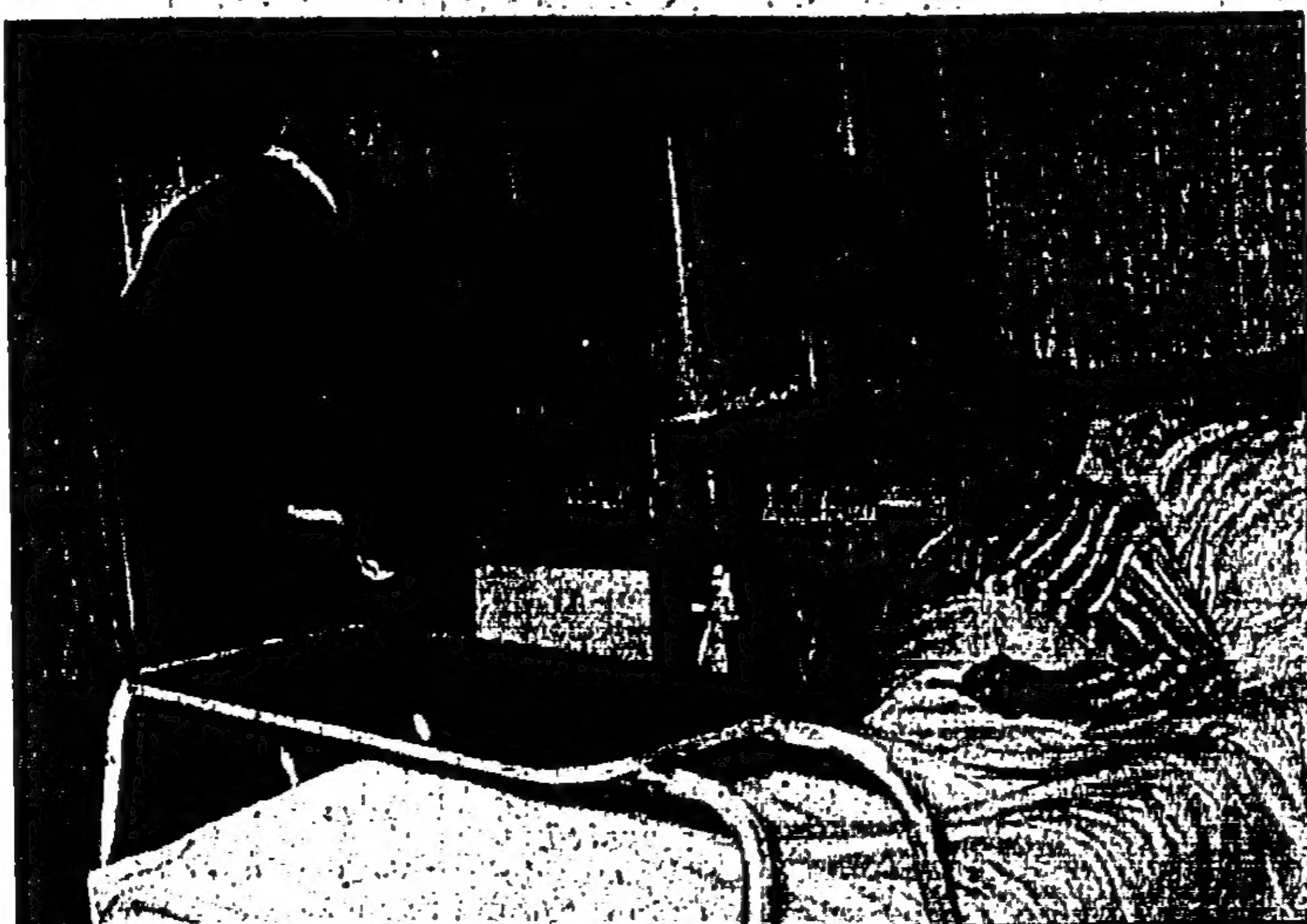
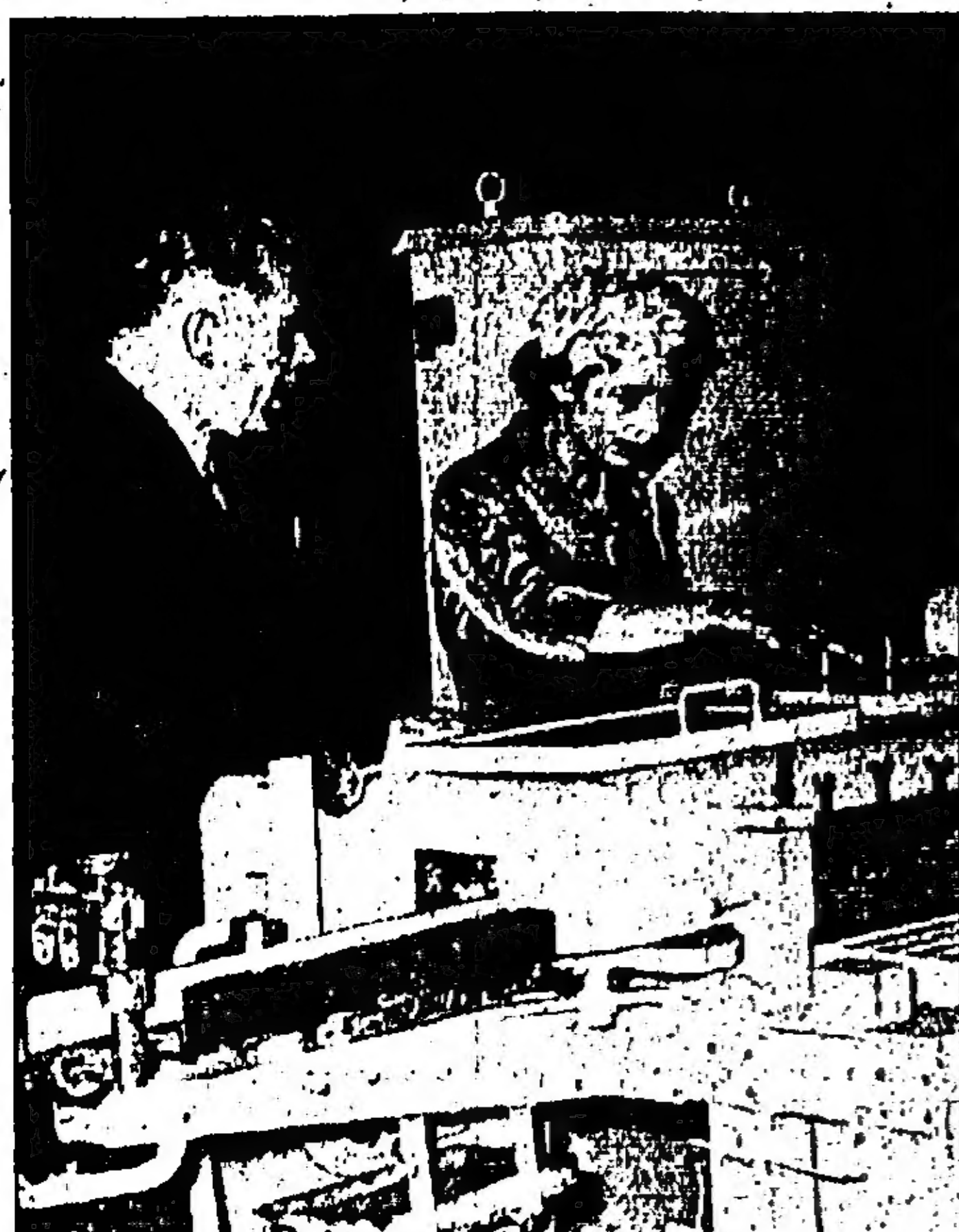
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



The Royal visit to Chester included civilian as well as military appointments. Above—Prince Philip at the Royal Chester Infirmary. Left—the Queen in a Cheshire factory. Below left: Jumping for joy at Llangollen, where a Rumanian group carried off the folk dancing trophy at the Elsteddod. Express



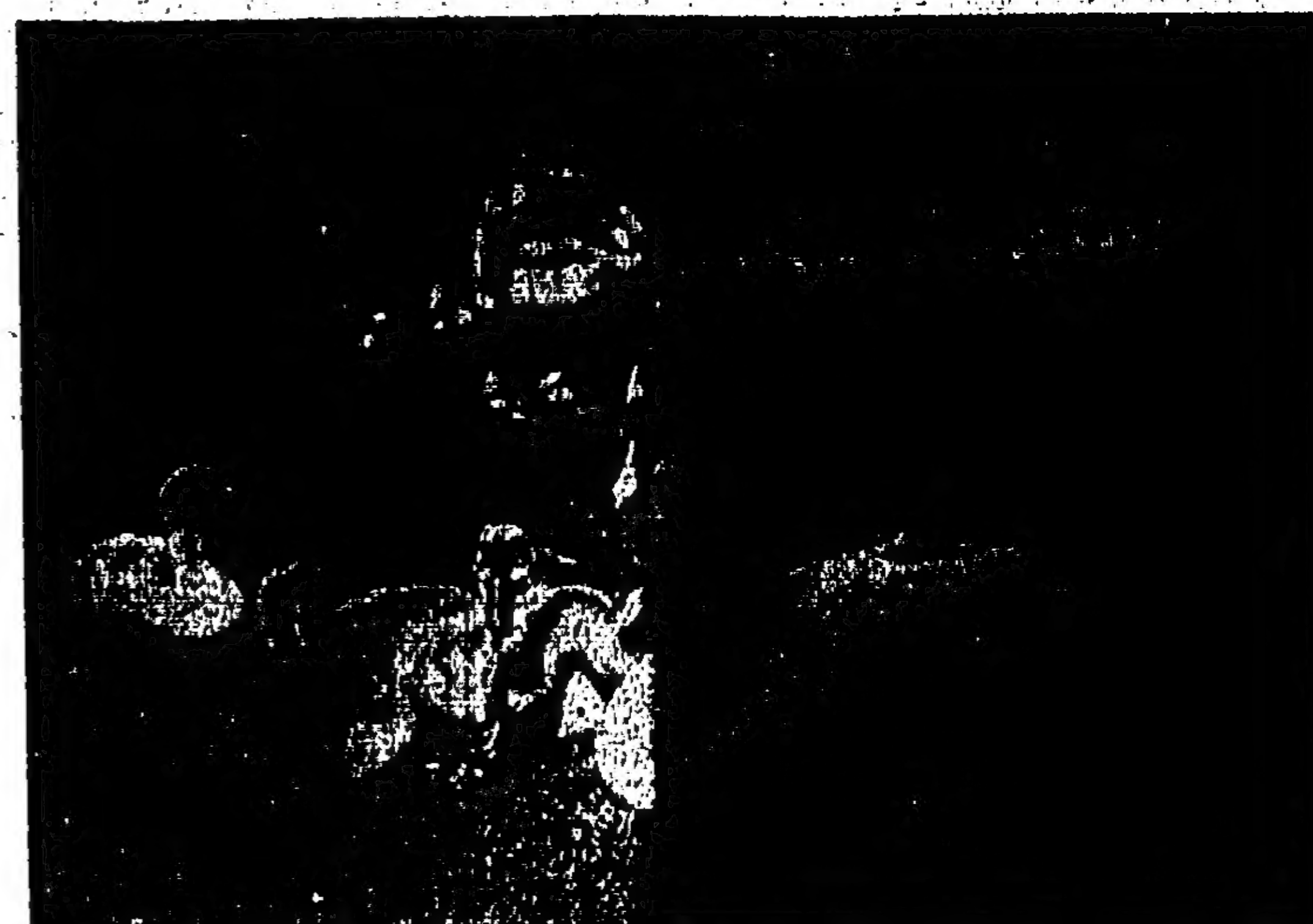
Reunion in Broad Chalke of Sir Anthony Eden and Australian Premier Robert Menzies—seen standing in front of Sir Anthony's cottage. It is the first standing picture of Sir Anthony since his return from the US. Express



One has done it, so another sets off. It's becoming a habit. This British bus was bought for £900 by Vitesal Banarse (45) to launch his new one-man, one-vehicle, London-Calcutta coach service. Express



Five "shock" paintings of the life of Christ in modern dress were commissioned for a new £18,000 church at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. Above—in a nativity scene Mary with close cropped black hair, blue skirt, black jumper, looks down on the Infant Jesus. Left—Mary, her hair now silver, is called by Mary Magdalene at the discovery of the empty tomb. John in corduroy slacks and shirt, and Peter in grey suit race to the sepulchre. Express



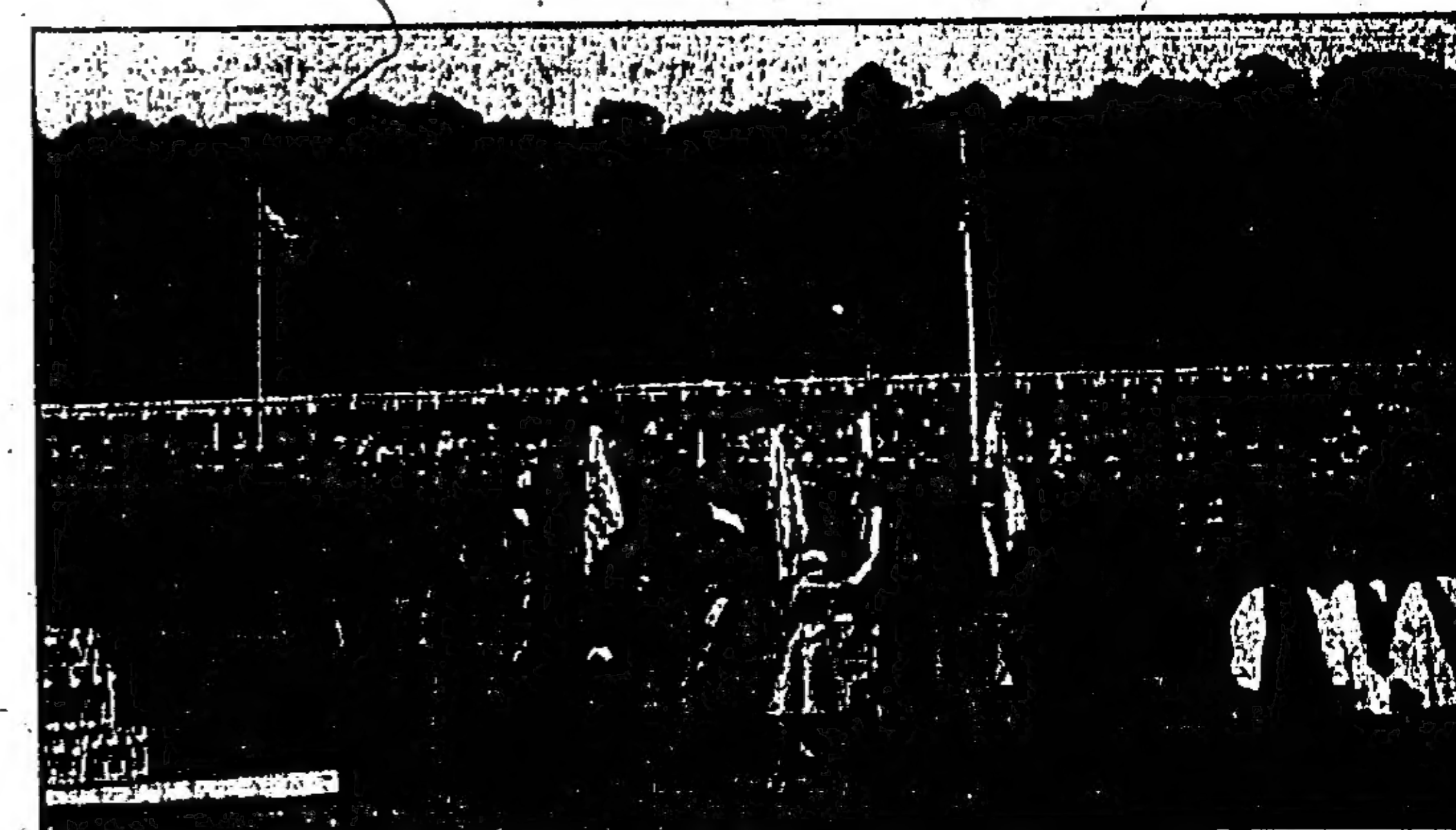
REGAL TRAGEDY . . . The scene was at Westerton, Scotland. Swan, mother, and cygnets were walking along a railway line on their way to the canal when an approaching train scared the little ones ONTO the line. Driving the young ones off, the two adults were struck, the mother killed instantly, and the father fatally injured. But he took the young ones into a garden skirting the line. Here, almost blind, he waits for the end. Express



Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth, arrives at London airport on her return from the federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Express



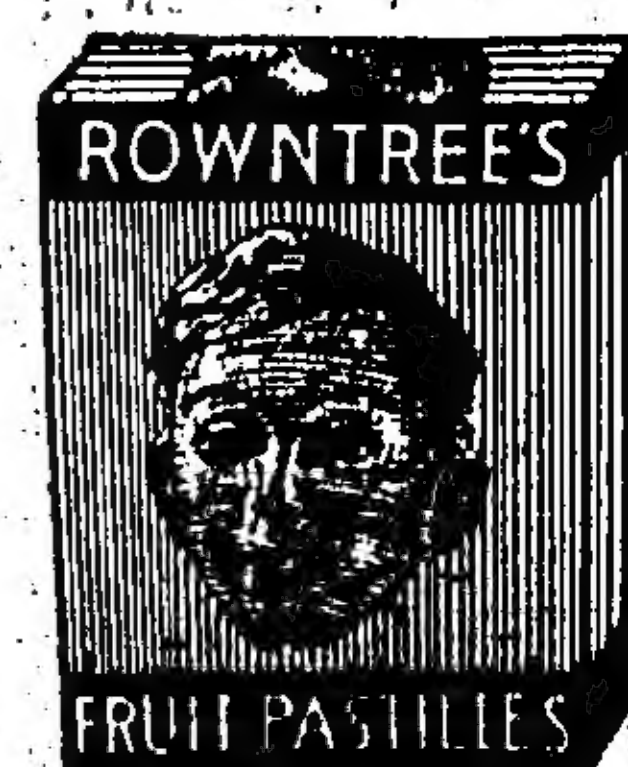
The Queen came to Chester with Prince Philip for the ceremonial presenting of new colours to the Cheshire Regiment. Above—she greets senior officers upon arrival on the parade ground. Below—the presentation, after which the new colours were marched through Chester, bayonets fixed, drums beating. Express



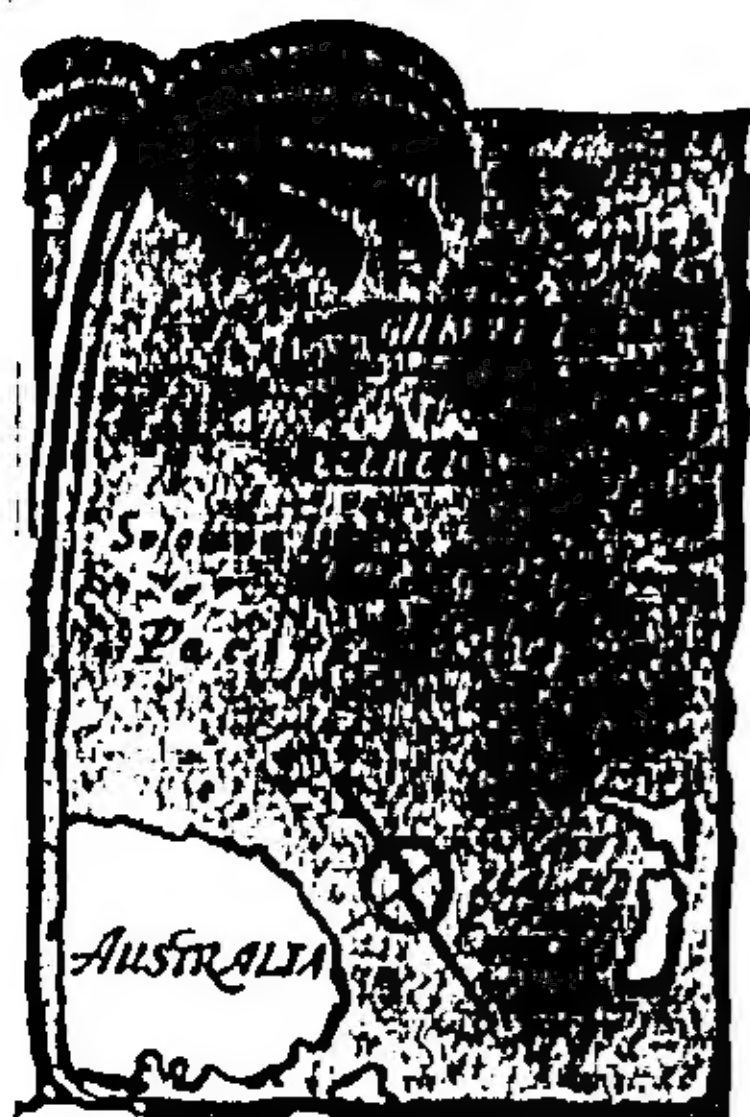
NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



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book about his experience that sold 370,000 copies in Britain alone.

• One question was left in the minds of those who read it and fell under its spell. Would there ever be another book like it? • There is, Sir Arthur was completing it when he died. He called it **RETURN TO THE ISLANDS**. As you read it you will hear the Pacific breakers beating on those friendly shores... you too will find the magic of the islands.



by
Sir ARTHUR GRIMBLE

IN the days before British rule came to the Gilberts, the son of a freeborn island family would usually take himself a wife when he was about 20 and she 15. It was part of the normal marriage contract that some of the ceremonial bride's younger sisters—or, if she had none, perhaps a chosen cousin or two—would accompany her as confidantes and helpers into her new home.

In principle, their duty of loving-kindness towards her extended, when they reached maturity, as far as helping her to give nightly comfort to her lord and bear him children as he willed. In practice, however, the average husband's initiative in this direction was severely crippled by his wife's.

Not that she could blankly refuse him if after several years of marriage he proposed to elevate one of her companions to the honourable and permanent status of secondary wife in his household; only it was she, not he, who did the choosing, and her nomination ordinarily went

to the least attractive of her sisters.

The spinsters of twenty

BUT the wife's choice was not, as a matter of fact, inspired by anything so unpredictable as female cussedness. On the contrary, it was dictated to her by centuries of sensible usage.

The ugly duckling of any group of unmarried girls was obviously the one least likely to make an independent match of her own. She, therefore, was the girl to be endowed as soon as possible with a permanent, official share of her eldest sister's domestic felicity.

Her more attractive companions could afford to wait—and were preserved at mint value, so to speak, by this arrangement—for offers of ceremonial marriage from outside.

It was not until these reached an advanced stage of spinsterhood (say, at 20 years old, when all hope of their achieving primary alliances was lost) that their elder sister allowed them to become the secondary wives of her own husband.

The husband's function, in short, was to hang about in the background of the marriage market, faithfully fattening his

wife's entourage of surplus females and steeling himself, honest soul, to cater personally for their fulfillment as women whenever Fortune or his wife might decide that nobody else wanted them.

The only unqualified relief that custom offered a husband in the long run was the right to refuse secondary witchhood to any wife's sister who had ceased to be a maiden. It seemed to him unreasonable that any young woman who had rendered herself unmarketable by private adventure should expect him, the chief loser, to reward her in the end with a position of dignity on his own permanent establishment. Indeed, usage gave him the theoretical right to kill her out of hand if—to borrow the Gilbertese phrase—she squandered his vested interest in her virginity.

But here again his wife had the last word, if only she hurried to intercede at once for her sister.

Custom not only prescribed a form of abject prayer for her use in such an extremity but

also forbade her husband, for shame and pity, to deny it. The island romances of old delighted in tales of beautiful girls who, risking all for true love's sake, and saved from death by the pleading of devoted sisters, won through by this dangerous road to witchhood at last with swains of humbler birth, to live happily ever after.

But real life had its romances too.

'I will not marry him'

A REGAL old lady of Tarawa, Nei Teauru, surrounded by her great-great-grandchildren, once told me how she, as a girl of perhaps 15, had won happiness with the mate of her own undaunted choice.

It was a drama 80 years old and more as she spoke, and death in faction warfare had robbed her of her man long since. But the triumph of it was still fresh for her.

I had said something about the amazing power a wife

had, in the last resort, to save her younger sisters from becoming the mere chattels of men.

"Yes," she answered with a smile, "it was a strong power. Here I sit alive to witness it, who would have died but for the prayer of a loving sister. Listen... this was the way of it..."

"I was the youngest daughter of my father. We were a large family of girls. So when my eldest sister married I was taken by her with two others into her husband's house."

"After a time my sister's husband arranged a marriage for me with a friend of his. That rich in land, and he was willing to pay a great price for me. But he was old; his first wife was dead."

"I said to my sister, 'This man is too old to give me children.' She answered, 'Be quiet. He will pay a big price for you.'"

"I said, 'I do not love him,' but she closed her ears to every word of mine. And so it went on until the season of my marriage drew near."

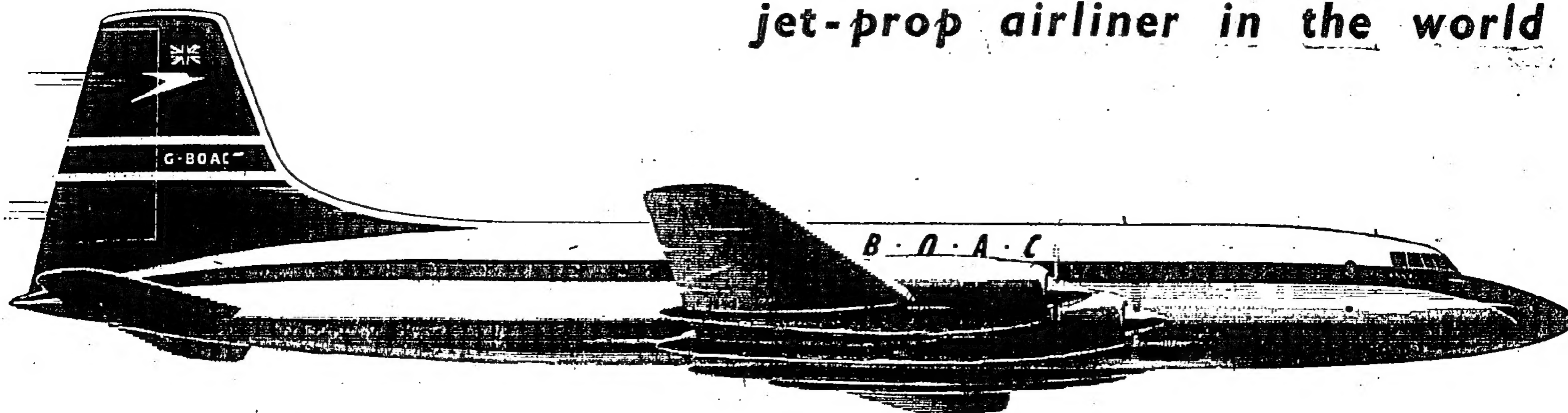
(Continued on Page 6)



• This series is adapted from **RETURN TO THE ISLANDS** by Sir Arthur Grimble, which is to be published by John Murray.

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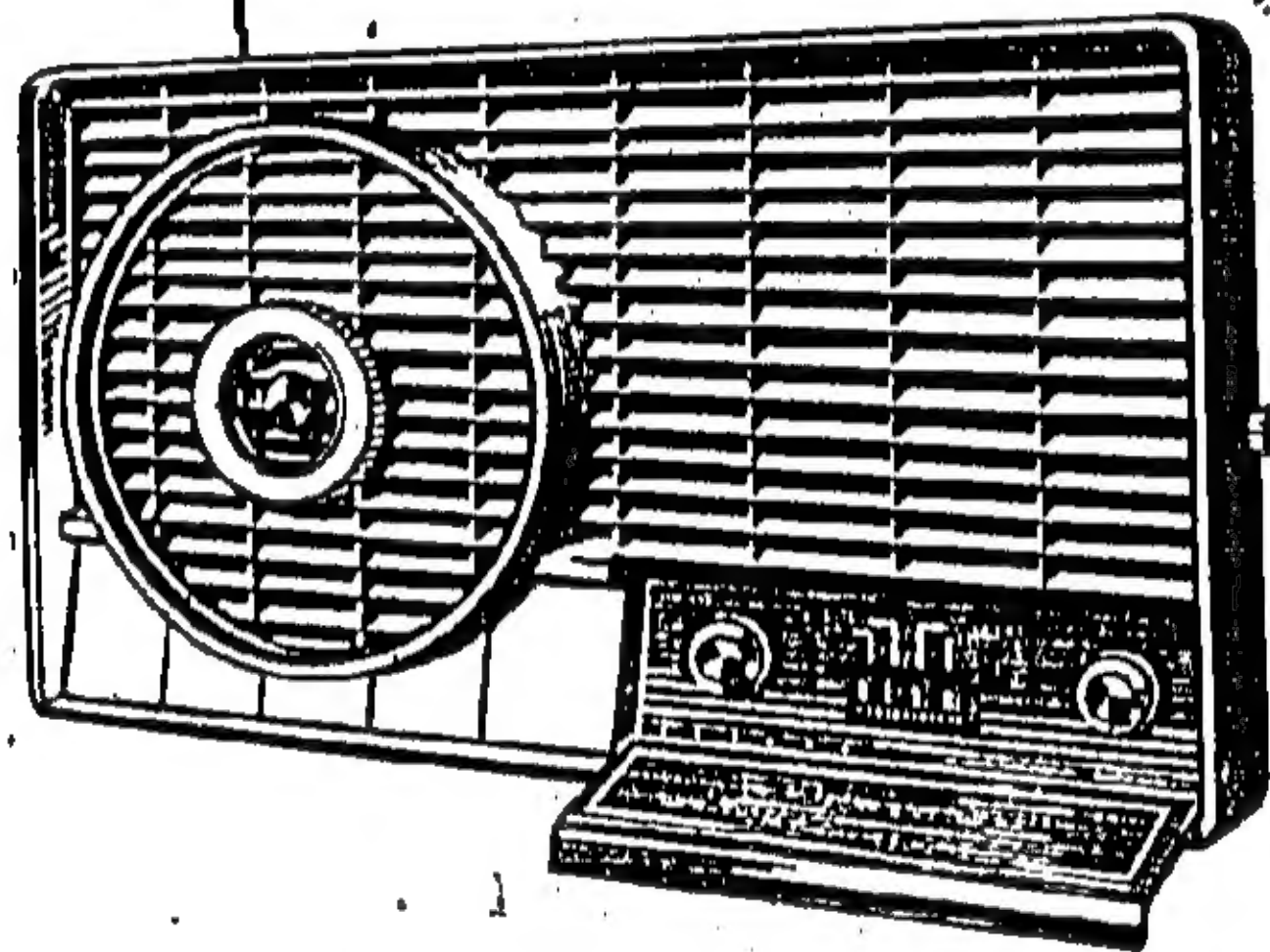


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...to coral beaches and waving palms



Frail craft, swirling seas...
but the age-old skill of the
Island fishermen.

When pagans sent their wives away

(Continued from Page 5)

"Then, because I could no longer bear my grief, I went to my sister, crying, 'I will not marry that old man. Let your husband kill me rather.'"

"She looked into my eyes and whispered, 'You are in love with someone else. Tell me the truth. Who is it?'"

"I answered, weeping, 'I love Tangaro and I will marry only him.'"

"She did not scold me, but took me in her arms, saying, 'Tangaro . . . alas! he is very poor. When did he dare to speak to you?'"

"I told her the truth: he had never spoken to me; but I knew he loved me, for our eyes had spoken to each other. It happened in the maneaba (meeting house) of our village, when I was brought out of my seclusion to lead my coming-of-age dance."

"She meant by her seclusion the 12 months of segregation in the twilight of a triple-screened house, which every high-born maiden used to undergo."

The velvet of a peach

PROTECTED there from all sunrays, and carefully massaged three times a day with cream of coconut flesh, her body was gradually blanched from olive brown to the clear velvet gold of a peach.

"This was done to bring her complexion as near as might be to that of her people's hero ancestors, the fair-skinned, blue-eyed race of Matang, Land of Heart's Desire behind the sunset."

"And, while her skin was being made as smooth and white as a garish's (so ran the island simile) she was taught the intricate gestures of a sitting dance composed for her coming-out."

"It was a dance which she herself was to lead one night in the huge meeting house of her village, seated in the torch-glow under the scrutiny, poor mite, of a thousand critical eyes, out

in front of a triple crescent of seasoned dancers who took their time from her."

"My eyes saw only Tangaro that night. Every gesture of my dance was for him. My sister's husband praised me at the end for the excellence of my kateketa (gestures). That made me known here, Tangaro is thinking too, alone there in his canoe shed."

"But, alas! though my sister's heart was sore for me, she feared her husband's anger and would do nothing to help."

"Time passed. The day set for my marriage was the first full moon of the season of Riwikinaata (The Scorpion). It was very close when I made my last prayer, and my sister's patience ended, and she slapped me, crying, 'You little fool! You know nothing of love. You don't even know if Tangaro really loves you. Now be silent for ever!'"

"I ran out among the trees, I did not weep. I said to myself: 'Nobody will help me. But if I were no longer a maiden, and that old man knew it, he would refuse to pay the bride-price for me!'"

"I sat among the trees, thinking: 'Even if my sister's husband killed me for that it would be better to die so than marry anyone but Tangaro.' I said to myself at last: 'So be it. Come what may I will go quickly and ask Tangaro to spoil me for that old man. Then I shall die happy, all his.'"

"I knew that he slept alone in his canoe shed; most of the young men did so in those days. So, that same night, when everyone was asleep, I crept from the women's house and came through the bush to where he lay."

"I said only, 'Tangaro!' It was very dark, but he knew me. He whispered, 'I was sure you would come to me one night.'"

"Then, with my head lying over his heart, I told him the whole of my thought. As I spoke I heard his heartbeats race, and I knew his thought was one with

mine: I said to myself: 'Let them kill me after this. I shall have belonged to him.'"

"But when I had said my say, he was silent. He lay so long saying not a word that I cried, 'Tangaro, what is it?' Then, suddenly he sat up and pushed me away. His voice was angry when he spoke: 'Woman, you are mad! They will kill you if I do this thing to you.'"

"So then I lied to him: 'Foolish Tangaro! No one will kill me. My sister had promised to intercede for me. It is quite certain I shall not be killed. Now take me for your own, and after a while, when nobody is angry any more, you shall buy me with a small piece of land. This is the way to win happiness in the end.'"

"He only laughed at that. 'You are the foolish one, not I. Why, I have nothing but two pieces of land—one big, one small—no price for a chief's daughter.' And when I told him that nothing would buy me once he had made me worthless, his anger came back; he shouted, 'You are mad, you are wicked.'"

"So at last I was angry and shouted too: 'You do not love me. You wish only to see me married to that old man. You refuse me, because you already desire another woman.'"

"He began to tremble. He said: 'Go away! I will kill you myself for words you do not mean.'"

'As good as dead...'

"I RAN away weeping. But see! When I came near the village dawn was breaking. The women were already at work among the trees. They all saw me as I ran. They called my name as I ran. Then I knew I was as good as dead already. Who would believe that I had crept out like a rat in the night to return a maid? But I was not afraid. I was glad. I wished for nothing but death. I only killed before anyone discovered that I was still worth the old chief's bride-price."

"So I said to myself, 'I will run straight to the old man's house-place. I will shout my shame there first of all, so that his people will try to catch and beat me. But I will escape from them and lead them to the house of my sister's husband. And we will all arrive at his doors together.'"

"He will be so angry, he will kill me at once; and Tangaro will know that I chose death for love of him, and remember me with grief for ever."

"Things fell out just as I had planned. I came to the old man's house-place. Men and women were standing round the house."

"I called to them from 80 paces off; I shouted, 'I resumed my shame! I ran towards me, crying angrily, 'Who did this thing to you?' I answered, 'A rat, but a better rat than your old chief,' and fled before anyone could take me."

"I led them to the house of my sister's husband. He stood outside. My sister and a crowd of people were gathered near him. They had been searching for me from before sunrise."

"Some people ran forward to hold me, crying, 'Alas! where have you been?' I shouted, 'I have been among the trees with my lover. He has loved me all night.'"

"My sister's husband heard it. I called to him. 'Kill me now, for you will never get your bride-price.'"

"Then the old man's people came running. They bawled, they screamed, they told of the shame I had done their chief. My sister's husband stood before me. He took my neck in his hand. 'Who is your lover?'"

"I answered, 'A rat.' He stopped my breath with his thumbs. 'A blackness rose up before my eyes. Then he let me breathe

come back. He said again, 'Who is your lover?' A rat, a rat—I whispered for my voice was sick. You die then, he said and stopped by breath until the darkness closed over me."

"But behold now my sister, the brave, the tender-hearted! She sees me hanging from her husband's hands."

"I am nearly dead. She runs. She lies before him in the dust to make her prayer."

'I told her I was afraid'

"HER head is between his feet. The head of a chief's daughter! His feet will trample it. How terrible that shame before the watching crowd—so terrible they hide their eyes; their hearts turn over for wonder and pity; they weep; they cry to her husband, 'Grant her prayer, we beg you, lest she die for shame in the dust beneath your feet.' Grant her the life of her sister."

"And he for pride of her love and shame of her shame cannot deny her."

"His rage dies. He lets me fall to the ground. He lifts my sister, saying, 'It is enough. This woman lives. But take her out of my sight, for she is worthless.' And they carry me away to my house above the eastern beach."

"My sister was sitting beside me when I woke. 'Alas, Tangaro! Why did you lie?'—these were her first words, and I knew she knew I had belonged to no lover."

"I was afraid. I tried to speak, but my voice was dead in my throat; I could only beg her with my lips, 'Don't tell, don't tell!' She took my hand in hers, saying, 'Sleep now. I will not tell.'"

"She gave me water. My heart was at peace. I slept until the next day's sunrise. And when I could speak I told her how Tangaro had driven me away that night, and she wept with me, saying, 'That is a noble heart! If only I too could have found such a husband.' And after that . . ."

Happiness for all at last

"AFTER that there were no more comings and goings in secret for a year and a month; but set all that aside; Tangaro bought me in the long run."

"He could have had me for nothing, for all the value my sister's husband put on me; but he said I was worth his big piece of land, and I said the land I had from my father was enough for both of us. My sister's husband was so pleased at that, he made a friend of Tangaro for life. And so, at last, we were all at peace together."

"She fell silent again. I thought her tale was done and began to thank her, but she reproved me. 'Patience! This is my sister's story as well as mine. There is better still to tell. 'Tangaro and I were able to repay her in the end for all her kindness. Her husband died before she had borne him a child. We took her into our house then, so that she and I could be Tangaro's wives together.'"

Nobody spoke for them

"WHAT happiness for all of us in that sharing. He gave her children of her own, for love of both of us, so that her sons were mine and mine were hers, and we were one in him forever, and he was undivided in us until he died."

"When monogamy was forced on the Gilberts by British law at the turn of the century,



Protestant missions had been at work in the islands for about 50 years, and the local administration for a decade more or less.

There was no popular demand for it. On the contrary, except in one or two southern islands, tremendous pagan majorities still clung to the polygamy of their ancestors and the strictly controlled system of sex-conduct that went with it.

But nobody spoke for the pagans; the petition of the secessionist minority went through to London backed by the administration (so much must be said in fairness to the Colonial Office of the day), and that was abysmally that.

As soon as the new law came into local force, a multitude of women who had enjoyed the honourable status of secondary wives under the old system found themselves suddenly converted into potential adulteresses.

No attempt to rebel

THAT is to say, the criminal code of the day allowed of no distinction between the situation of a sub-wife and that of an ordinary breaker-up of homes; she could be brought to trial before her island court and imprisoned for common adultery if anything so contemptuous as pagan love or loyalty tempted her still to cling to the father of her children.

The pagans liked and admired the white man; so there was no attempt anywhere to rebel against the law.

Only, after lifelong partnerships, hundreds of secondary wives were put away in shame by their men, while as many women, whose mates would have held them despite everything, returned to their villages rather than stay and be placarded as harlots.

There were many suicides among the middle-aged.

A quarter of a century after the event I talked with a pagan islander whose mother had preferred death by her own hand to living on, either in unlawful concubinage with his father or in desolation without him.

Yet she loved them both

THOUGH she was only a sub-wife, she happened to love both her man and his ceremonial bride, her elder sister.

So she said one evening to her son, who must have been about 20 at the time: 'Your father will be happy with my sister, and she will always be good to you for my sake. As for me, I shall be better off of the way since the law has made a shameful woman of me. I go now. Tell them I died loving them.'"

The boy took her words for nothing but a cry of grief more bitter than usual. He put his arms round her, saying 'Neko (Woman), we shall have each other. I will go and live with you in your father's village.'"

She smiled at him. 'You are a good son,' she said, returning his embrace. 'Stay here and be a joy to your father.' Then she walked out into the bush and hanged herself.

The next day, his father and aunt hanged themselves to the

same tree. They doubtless felt, with his mother, that life was no longer worth living in a world of memories that the law had dishonoured for ever.

Some original ideas...

THE chaos of conflict between the new and the old moralities, relieved by doctrinal squabbles between members of the warring Christian sects, was no longer worth living in a world of memories that the law had dishonoured for ever.

I shall never forget the one put forward by a cheerful young woman of the highly indoctrinated island of Beru.

We met when I was still young in my service at a monthly session of her island court, she on her trial for a third net of unfaithfulness to her equally innocent but still very jealous husband (who was there to give evidence against her) and I in attendance to watch her defence.

She was likely to get as much as six months this time, unless mitigating circumstances could be clearly shown.

Things began to go badly for her as soon as the had been found guilty and it was time to consider the sentence.

The Native Magistrate asked her, idly enough, why she had committed her offence with the co-respondent, and she checked everyone to the marrow by replying, as simply as a child teaching a smaller child, 'Nae (Sir), because I love him,' and laughing for the robust joy of it in his face.

The husband shouted, 'Alas! You see the sort of slut she is!' And then, for climax, it came out that every one of her three offences had been committed on a Sunday.

The courthouse rustled with horror and delight. I had no real hope left of helping her after that. But I wanted to keep her talking, just in case. So I observed—with reference to the despotic Sab-batarianism of the Southern Gilberts in general—that the Templer always would find mischief for idle hands to do.

It wasn't a popular remark. I felt some of the court's dis-favour being immediately deflected from her to myself; it was clear from her looks that even the felt I had said something pretty shocking.

I decided to plug away at the idea nevertheless, and went on to recommend a bit of sewing to her, as a useful work as an infallible defence against temptation, whatever the day. She had managed to listen in silence so far, but this boat her: 'Sir!' she burst out, 'forgoing of all but her moral indignation. 'You must know as well as I do that it is a deadly sin to work on the Sabbath!'"

Both the court and the audience practically roared their approval of the snub.

In my own defence now, I pointed out rather sheepishly that, after all, the other thing was a sin too.

NEXT WEEK: Voices in the night

The name is Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev. He is a bald, fat, bright-eyed little man once looked upon by Stalin as a court jester. But today he is undoubtedly the most powerful man on earth

act like a clown..

WHO is the most important man in the lives of every person in this land? Without a shadow of a doubt: Comrade Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev, the new Soviet dictator.

Khrushchev has emerged in the last few days as the most powerful man on earth. He is more powerful than Stalin. For Khrushchev has the H-bomb. Stalin did not.

What kind of man is he? What are our chances a survival?

Certainly he is an entertaining fellow. Unlike any other dictator of modern times, he is human to a degree — and often very close to being a clown.

Stalin looked upon him as the jester in the Kremlin. "Dance, little Nikita," Stalin would say, and Khrushchev, as he has admitted since, would do the gopak.

When Stalin opened a Moscow housing estate, Khrushchev suddenly from the solemn official party, seized an onlooker's accordion, and had the whole place dancing to and singing Ukrainian folk songs.

TIRESOME
—yet exciting

THE Russians are clearly enjoying this bald, fat, bright-eyed, hard-drinking little man with an ugly mouth. His behaviour may sometimes be tiresome to others, but to his countrymen it is exciting. What is more, he speaks their language—the language of the folk.

He is the first spellbinder there has been in Russia for a long time. Stalin spoke badly and therefore did not encourage eloquence in others.

Now Khrushchev has blossomed, like one of the hundred flowers mentioned by Mao Tse-tung. He constantly quotes Russian proverbs and uses peasant analogies.

FRIENDLY
—but unchanged

THE other day he expressed incredulity by saying he would believe what he was told when he heard a crab whistle.

"Anyone who mistakes our friendliness for withdrawal from the policies of Marx and Lenin is making a mistake," he said. "Those who expect this will have to wait until Easter falls on a Tuesday."

He has described the chief cause of international tension in terms that the simplest of his countrymen can understand. "It is like a cabbage. If you tear off the leaves one by one you come to the heart, and the heart of this matter is relations between the Soviet Union and the United States."

On another day he was expounding the theory — which has been Communist doctrine since Stalin defeated Trotsky — that neither Russian nor American should seek to impose "its way of life on the other."

PROPHECY
—Socialist U.S.

SAID Khrushchev: "The tiger eats meat, and the buffalo eats grass. You cannot make the buffaloes eat meat and the tigers grass."

All the same, Khrushchev has prophesied that America's grandchildren will be Socialists — of their own free will.

Khrushchev is both good humoured and bad tempered. He is charming and also offensive. Even Mr. George Brown, M.P. for Belper, who clashed with the Russian leader at the famous Socialist dinner party during the B and K visit, finds much about Mr Khrushchev that is likeable.

"It is awfully silly of us," Mr Brown said to me the other day, "to look down our noses because he acts like an ordinary man instead of a polished diplomat."

Recently in an entirely impromptu speech, Khrushchev enjoyed himself at the expense of President Eisenhower's claim that America has invented a clean H-bomb. "It is a talented man of great principles, but look what stupid things he says... How can you have a clean bomb to do dirty things?" asked Khrushchev.

The White House promptly answered with a pompous official statement.

Says George Brown: "I should think Khrushchev goes away and chuckles like hell when they issue these stupid declarations."

Khrushchev's frankness should not, of course, be allowed to degenerate into rudeness.

...but the fate of the world is in his hands

by
ROBERT EDWARDS

lessness (says Mr Brown: "He knows what card votes you need in your pocket").

He understands the secrets of power and has trampled over many people to get it—including Lazar Kaganovich, the man who lifted him from obscurity and whom he has now discredited.

Is he also guilty of being involved in the Stalin purges? There is truth in the charge. At least twice he took part in large-scale purges on Stalin's orders. But he himself was the first to purge Stalin's name from the list of Russian heroes.

At the 20th Congress, where Khrushchev made the original shattering denunciation of his former leader, a delegate is said to have sent him a note asking: "What were you doing while Stalin was committing his crimes?"

Khrushchev read the note, and said: "Will the questioner please stand up?"

Nobody moved. Khrushchev repeated his request. Still nobody moved.

"That," said Khrushchev, "is what I was doing while Stalin was in power."

DIFFERENT
—but how much?

PRACTICALLY nothing is known of Khrushchev's private life. He once boasted that he had many daughters. It is said that they have had several mothers. One of his sons is known to have been killed in the war.

Beyond question the differences between the character of Khrushchev and his predecessor are enormous.

But the world will be wise to wait proof before it accepts that his policies are so different.

Khrushchev's Western admirers say that he is tempering his authority with mercy. They assume that the sacked Russian leaders will not be shot. That assumption may be premature.

Beria was executed several weeks after he was deposed. For the West, therefore, here is the best attitude to show towards Khrushchev.

Wait and see.

A-SECRETS GO WEST

and Harwell men are angry

SECRETS of revolutionary atom-power experiments which were expected to keep Britain far ahead in the atom-export race are to be handed over to the U.S.

This decision has angered the scientists at the Harwell atom station who thought out the new ideas and have now proved that they work.

The secrets concern a new type of power plant designed to operate at a temperature of more than 1,000 degrees Centigrade.

This heat steps up the output of electric power and should cut

the cost to well below a half-penny a unit.

CONFIDENT

The Harwell men were confident that the secrets of making uranium fuel rods, which do not melt at this high temperature, would enable Britain to be the first nation to make atomic electricity cheaper than that produced from coal or oil.

Now they have been told that the information is to be made available to American firms under the interchange agreements with the U.S. Government.

Several U.S. firms are known to be concentrating money and men on the high temperature power station in an attempt to put it on the export market before Britain.

The Great Boom in Never-Never

LATEST FIGURES SHOW EVERY FAMILY IN THE LAND NOW OWES £25...

MORE and more Britain is turning to the Never-Never. New returns by the Board of Trade show that the total debt for hire-purchase is "at least" £373 million. This is an average of more than £25 a family, and the odds are that the poorer the family the more it owes.

For a survey shows that two out of every five wives buy on hire-purchase, but when the wife has three or more children the proportion jumps to four out of five.

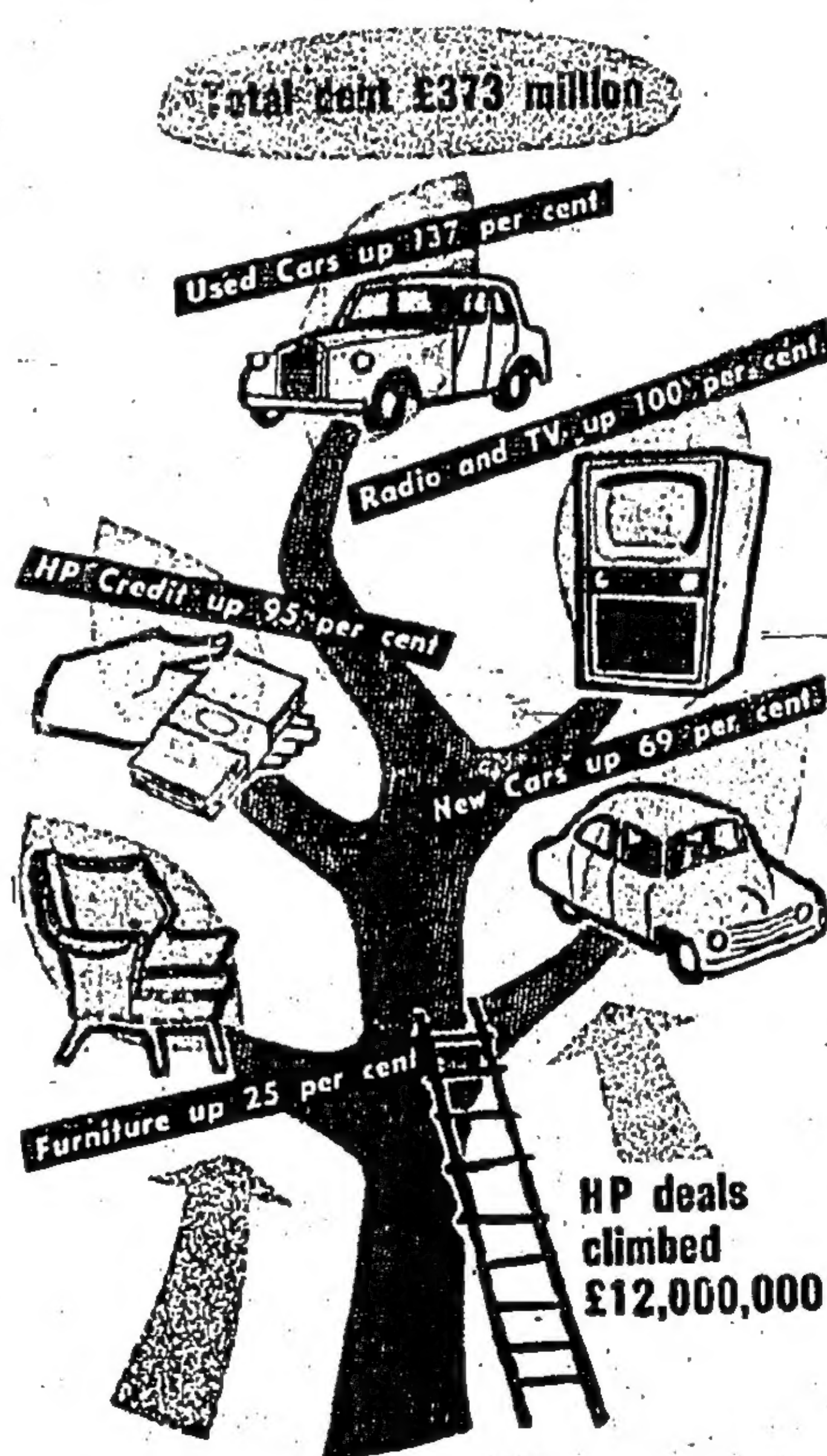
In May, the last month covered by the Board of Trade figures, finance firms provided 95 per cent more credit for hire-purchase than they did in May last year.

THIS MAY TREE chart by Michael Rand shows how sales in the merry, merry month this year soared over those a year ago under never-never agreements for monthly payments.

Hire-purchase sales of new cars jumped 69 per cent and of second-hand cars by 137 per cent. This upsurge may be halted because the deposit on buying cars has now been increased from one-fifth to one-third.

But this increase in down payments does not affect hire-purchase sales of radios, television sets, and musical instruments, up 100 per cent in the month, or of furniture up 25 per cent.

IN ALL, the amount owed on hire-purchase deals increased £12,000,000 in the first four months of this year. It seems that credit squeezes will have to be even tighter if Britons are to be dissuaded from the new trend of enjoying this year on next year's income.



EXPRESSOGRAPH BY MICHAEL RAND

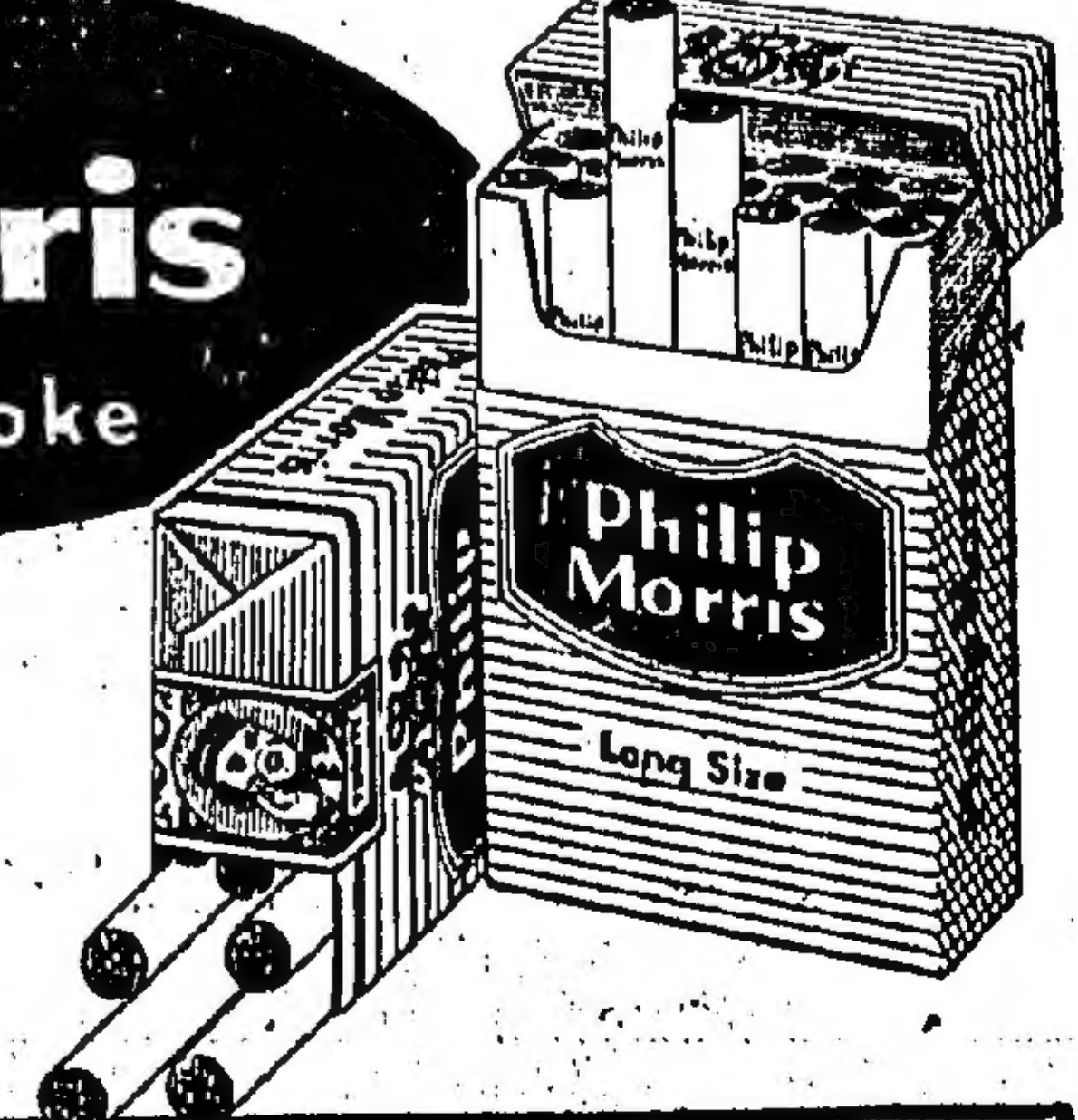
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- N 77302 L Ole, Flamenco.
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- N 77305 L Musiques de films.
Sotto il Babab; Oh Bankan; La complainte de la Butte; Le Grisbi; Sur le pave de Paris; Johnny Guitar; Tant de vous; Bonjour Paris; Gelsomina; Battibarra; Contadini del mare; Si tu m'aimais; Le Film; Smile. Michel Legrand and his orchestra.
- B 08105 L An American in Vienna.
Ich muss wieder einmal in Grinzling sein; I was an Wein; Silbowitz-Tango; Das ist a Wein; A Bissel Grinzling; Blasei Slevring; I und der Mond; Erst wann's aus wird sein; Das alte Lied; Aber, g'rebelt muss er sein; Wenn unser lieber Herrgott; Schindler-Tango; I komm aus Grinzling; Ich hab' mir zur Grinzling ein'n Dienstmann engagiert; Whistling Song from 'Frühlingstanz'; Yedding song without words; Mutterlied; Die alte Zahnradbahn; In Maria Enzersdorf; I marschier mit mein Dull Dulle Louise Martini and William Gurrin.
- B 08106 L Trovador Tropical.
Ay, Jalisco no te rejes; Venganza; Chavala; Maria Bonita; Uno; Cuordos de mi guitarra; El tiempo sera testigo; El dia que me quieras; Quiereme; Luna de Mexico; Se va el calman; Te quiero. Luis Alberto del Parana with Andres Pereira and his Orchestra.

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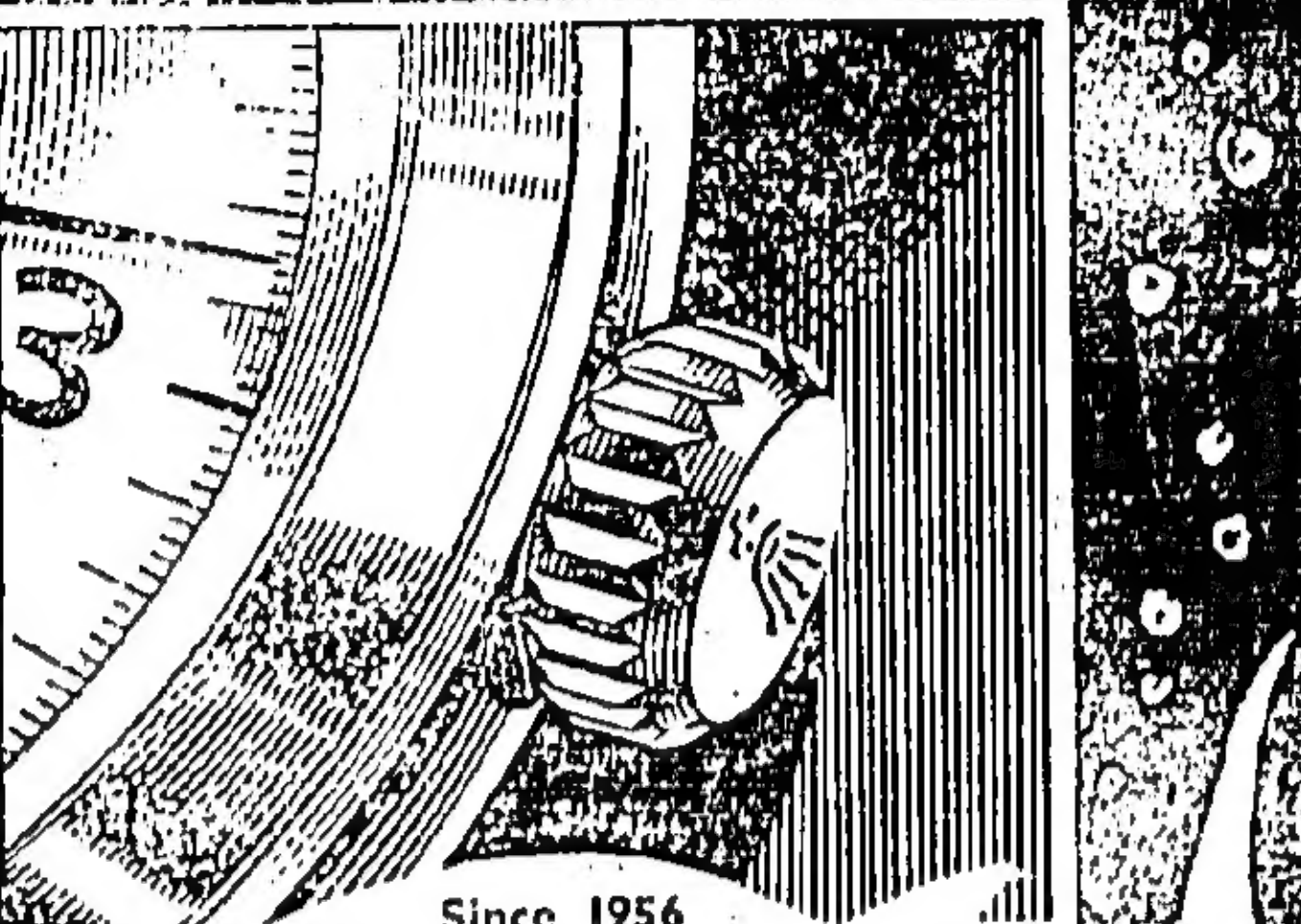
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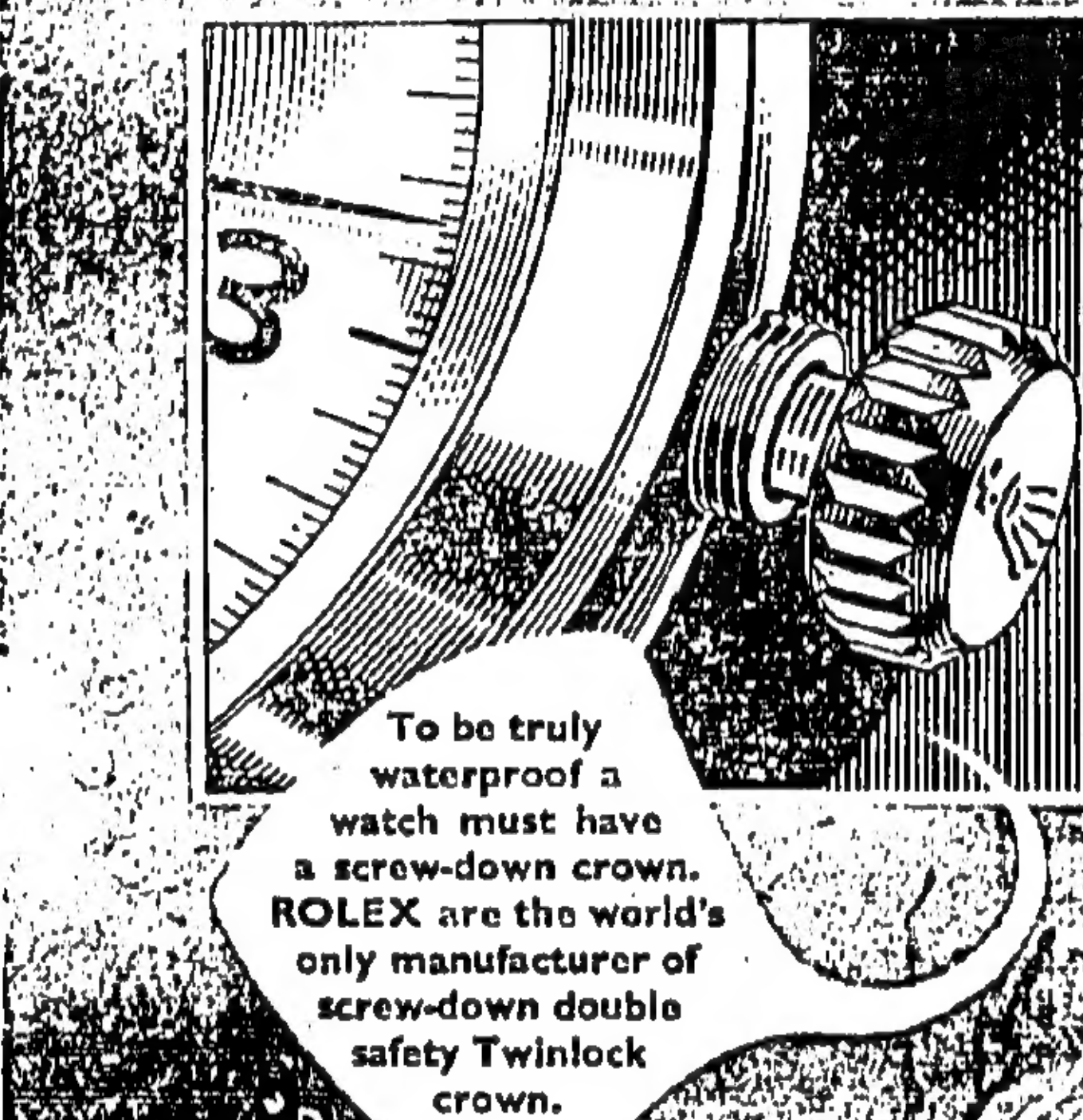
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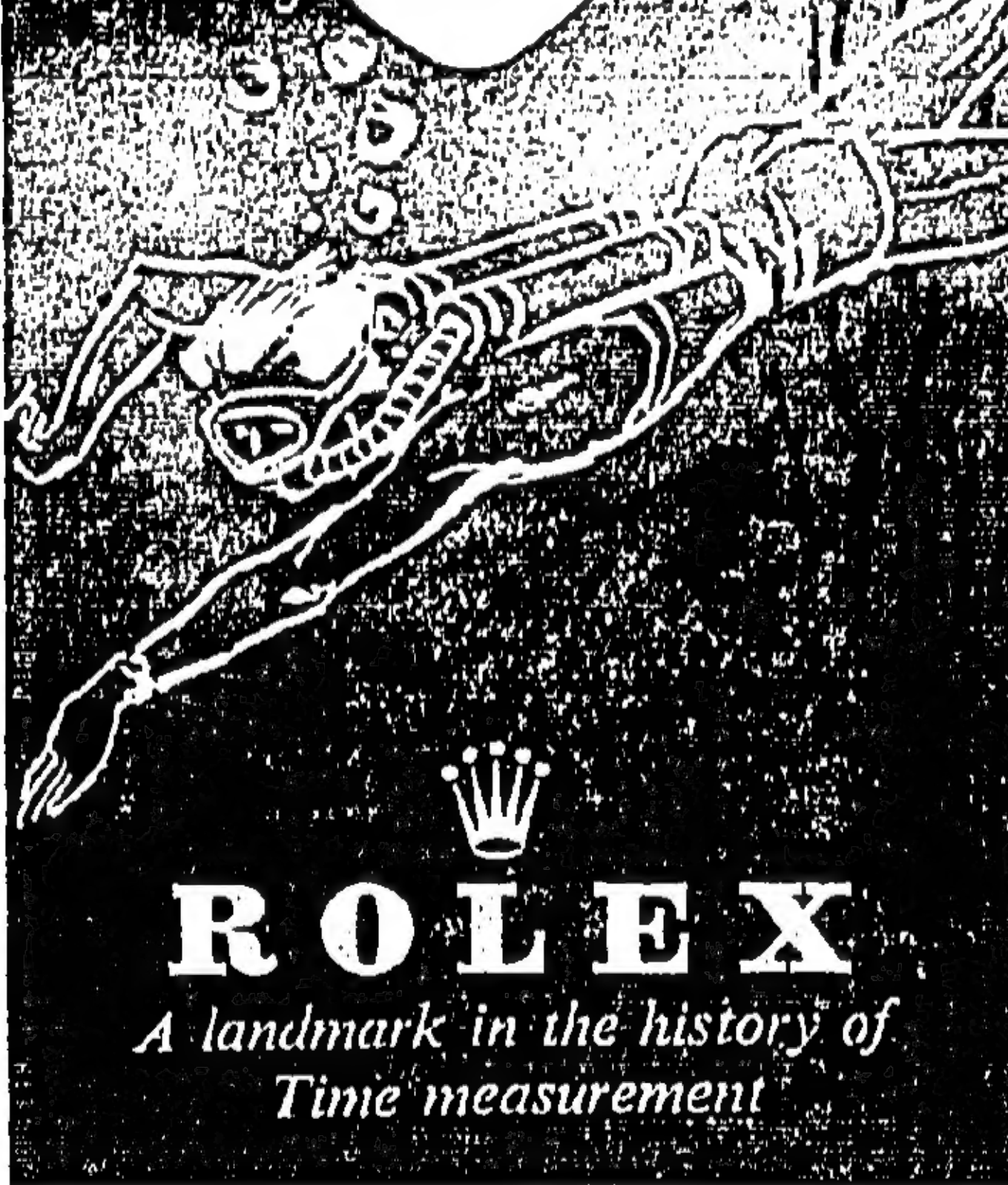
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CAFASPIN



SHOW BUSINESS



"Vivien, dear, repeat after Larry: 'I will be a good girl and come straight to rehearsals. I must not join protest marches on the way. I must not call at the House of Lords and wake everybody up...'"

"It's a disgrace" says Vivien

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"I think it's a member of the House of Lords protesting against the demolition of Vivien!"

VIVIEN LEIGH (Lady Olivier), the stage and screen star, startled the House of Lords when she rose from her distinguished visitor's seat and called out: "My Lords, I wish to protest against the St James's Theatre being demolished." Her voice was clear, her face pale and set. Instantly, Black Rod—Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks—was on his feet. He took her by the arm, said a few words, and led her towards the massive brass doors of the Chamber. Later, in her dressing room at the Stoll Theatre, Vivien Leigh said: "I feel passionately about it. 'If the St James's Theatre is removed, I shall remove myself and act in another country. I can act in German, French, Italian and, perhaps, even Serbian. England is no place for actors.' "My husband and I have just come back from Europe where they are building theatres as hard as they can.

"We come back here and what are they doing? Tearing them down. It is a disgrace."

"Sweet and gallant"

Said her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier: "I think it was a sweet, gallant thing for Vivien to do. I don't think I could have done the same thing myself."

"What did I say when she told me? Nothing—I just gave her a kiss."

It was the second demonstration Lady Olivier made in one week. The other day, with actress Athene Seyler and a dramatic critic, she marched along Fleet Street and the Strand, ringing a handbell to draw attention to a placard about the St. James's Theatre.

The 112-year-old theatre is to be replaced by a £200,000, seven-storey block of offices.

M. S. Nutt and John Lambert

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Strictly between you, Littlehampton, I don't mind admittin' that it's not havin' to clock in which hurs, but bein' on a flat rate with all those viscups and bayons!"

ALL THIS, AND EXPENSES TOO!



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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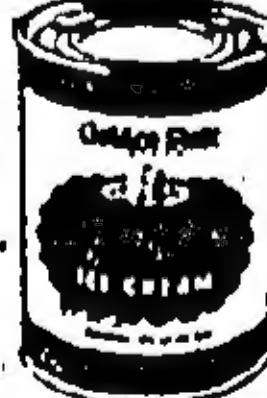
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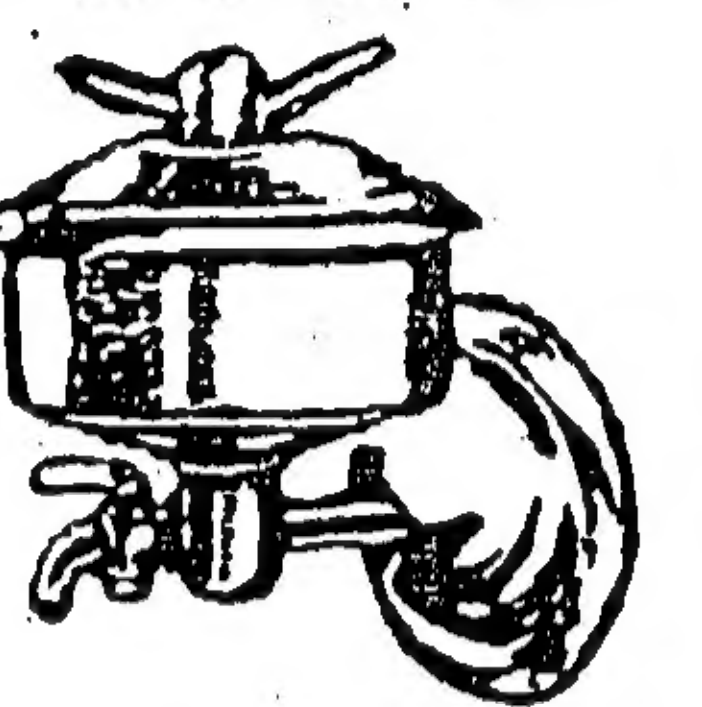
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Senoras' Secret Of Keeping Cool

By JOY MATTHEWS

THERE'S A CRASH OF COTTON BY DAY. THERE'S A CRASH OF COTTON BY NIGHT. IN THE DAZZLING, DEFIANT, SPANISH SUN-LIGHT THE COOL, CRISP, COTTON DRESS LOOKS AS OUT OF PLACE AS A SEALSKIN COAT.

Said a smooth, smart, servant-happy senora: "The cotton dress is not suitable for day-wear—not practical. It can be worn for two, three maybe four hours only."

"Cotton dresses with sleeves are seldom pretty. Without, they are wrong for daytime. Anyway, cotton dresses crease too easily getting in and out of cars."

INSTEAD, Spanish women choose linen, tussore, shantung.

I saw the severe white linen-suit in the drawing on a bird-like Spanish beauty: the buttons were the big pearl baby-coat variety.

And tunching on the cool, viewful terrace restaurant on top of the Manila hotel in Barcelona, the smartest woman there was wearing a stern and stately tunic dress in dotted cream, tussore, collarless and practically waistless.

And most practical of all was the white pleated linen skirt worn with a navy blue sailor-jumper-blossie.

COTTON-CRAZY

BUT BY NIGHT—and the night in Spain is really night—(they ask you to meet them for tea at 7.30 in the afternoon), the Spaniards are cotton-crazy. At El Cortijo, a white-washed farmhouse night spot that packs in every smart Spanish woman in Barcelona, I saw hundreds.

Most popular were full skirted with camisole tops and tiny shoulder straps—in white with bold prints: bursting "marigolds," fruitful blackberries,

vineyards of grapes, and full-blown poppies.

There were many of the Balconada tunics—straight or bouffant dresses with six inches of underskirt showing at the hem—some in plain coloured cottons like the dark full-skirted one in the picture, others straighter and more sculptured.

Personally, I think that the Spaniards have hit on the secret of hot weather dressing. Smooth, unfrilled and fairly formal for daytime. Bouffant, brilliant, and shirred-trim—but not "dressed-up," shining, glittering or ultra-sophisticated—by night.

DO'S AND DON'TS

The way to get the glance of approval from the Spanish man—wear a striped one-piece bathing suit, strapless and fitting like a Spanish glove. Best combination is black and white or black and yellow.

The way to get the glance of approval from the Spanish ladies—have a pair of their beautifully made penguin shoes in white kid spliced with black patent leather.

The way to get glances of disapproval from any Spaniard—have a bikini. Or buy up the ludicrous fancy dress straw hats they import for the British.

THE Spaniard way with an omelette. Add four drops of water to the beaten eggs, and make it on top of cooked diced potatoes, or French beans, or best of all—globe artichokes diced and fried in a little butter.

There's a new fashion in hats in Spain. The old black,

heavily painted ones that told stories of gory deaths in the bull-ring are strictly for tourists only. Spanish women do still use them—I found that I could hardly do without one there—but they are made to match their suits or dresses. Most popular were dark and stripes, with white backgrounds and colours to match their clothes. Most welcome of all was a big tau provided for me when I sat smouldering under the hair-drier.

If you must go to a bullfight (I did—and never again), don't wear your best black whatever your feelings about the bull.

Chamaco, who packs the arena with his youth (he's only 21), his arrogant, glowering, handsome style, and his bravery, told me that he loathes to see women in dull colours at a bullfight.

"When I'm in the arena," he said, "I can't afford to let my attention wander and eye the pretty women, but the mood of the crowd is enormously important to me. If they look sombre and pessimistic—if they wear dark colours—it has a bad effect on me. So I like them to be gay—and not too serious."

When I saw him defying death in Barcelona he had chosen a white satin suit heavily embroidered in gold. His favourite colours are red, white, and peacock blue. But off duty his clothes are dull. When I saw him fasting, not feasting, the day of a light in a small restaurant called The Yellow Carvery, he had chosen a dark brown suit.

AT HOME

I visited two entirely different homes in Spain. One was an old family house built high up in the hills looking over the Bay of Barcelona.

The owner, a well-to-do Spaniard, had his dining-room without a single piece of mobile furniture except the table and the chairs.

The rest, and it was French Empire, was built in. Even the pictures were permanent. He has chosen a set of paintings of grapes, and each was framed in the built-in cupboards.

The other home was a new and modern apartment recently decorated by a newly-wed



SEEN IN SPAIN: Severe white linen suit with big pearl baby-coat buttons... a stately tunic dress in dotted cream tussore, collarless and practically waistless... bouffant dresses with six inches of underskirt showing at the hem, some in plain cottons, others straighter and more sculptured.

DRAWINGS BY ROBB

Spanish couple. Again they had gone for the built-in look—sitting-room, dining-room, bed-room, and hall had built-in cupboards of beautifully decorated wood: maple inset with sycamore.

Inside the cupboards the walls were decorated with primrose-yellow and white-spotted wall-paper: the shelves were covered with yellow and white cotton, frilled at the front and nailed down at the edges.

The kitchen was one of the most labour-saving I've ever seen, in white and red with black tiled floors. But in spite of the plastic handles on the cupboard doors, every one of

the tables and boards were covered in plain white marble to give a luxurious air.

THE Spanish way with a liqueur. Last in a glassful of crushed ice, I tried Green Chartreuse served this way—it was cool, lingering, and delicious.

FESTIVE FOOD

The dish that the Spanish order when they are feeling festive is "Langosta con pollo"—a dish of lobster and chicken cooked with a hot, rich, fruity sauce.

I had it myself at the Hostal de la Gavina in S'Agaro.

The lobster and chicken dish was the favourite of Douglas Fairbanks, who was there a few weeks ago, and the chef gave me the recipe to try—

You need 1/2 lb. lobster, one 2 lb. chicken, one onion, one tomato, a clove of garlic, 1/2 lb. mushrooms, brandy, salt and pepper to taste. Cut the chicken and lobster into four portions each, fry separately in butter, bury in a little brandy and season with salt and pepper. Prepare an American sauce in a separate saucepan using the onion, garlic and tomato, which should be well chopped and cooked in oil or butter. A half bottle of tomato ketchup and 1/2 lb. of mushrooms can also be added. Next add the chicken and lobster to the sauce—which should be first passed through a sieve—and arrange the mushrooms on top. Serve very hot.

IN DAFFODIL

There's a breath of an English Spring in the heat of a sweltering Spanish Summer.

The colour that every fashion-minded girl is wearing now is daffodil yellow. In Santa Eulalia, the big Spanish fashion house, I saw a lovely 19-year-old Spanish girl wearing a white pleated skirt, a beautifully fitted cashmere jersey in yellow, a row of real pearls nearly down to the waist, and a big, black straw handbag.

Walking through the hilly streets of Palamos I was entranced by a brilliant reddish-bronze in a pale yellow coat with a big black collar.

And the prettiest sight of all was a pair of 17-year-old twins in pale yellow linen dresses with full skirts, tiny waist, sleeveless, (that old story about covering the arms in Spain is out), and simple shiny white court shoes.

The Natural Hairdo Needs A Special Setting

By HAZEL MEYRICK

London. HOW on earth do those top-ranking hair stylists give you that natural look when they set your hair—and why is it that when you try to do it yourself, or go to the little place round the corner, you emerge from the drier lobster-coloured and with dozens of tiny sausage curls festooned round your forehead?

I've been asking London's top hair stylists where the home hair dressers go wrong, why it's so easy to get that I did it myself look—and I've found that the secret of success lies in the setting. For the way of pinning up your hair has undergone a revolution recently, and not all hairdressers have caught up with it yet.

When the Italians astonished the world with their gamine hair styles, they thought up an entirely new way of setting hair—a way that is now used in all the top London salons. Your hair is not wound into small curls and pinned flat like it used to be. Instead, it is lifted from the scalp and combed round lightweight mesh rollers. Small ends are still pin-curl, but they are wound round the finger, cylindrical fashion, and pinned that way.

The result? A natural-looking hairdo that you can

brush out into any style you want, and one can copy at home too for these rollers can be bought in most shops. If you can't find any locally, just wind your hair over a sausage-shaped piece of cotton wool instead. For thick, coarse hair, cotton wool is best in any case.

So if you want to look like Gina Lollobrigida, don't pin your hair flat to your head—set it on rollers instead. And to get that popular shaggy half-fringe, place a roll of cotton wool along your forehead at the hairline, and curl a few short pieces over it anchoring the roll at either end with hair-grips.

I can't think why it is, but from the moment I enter any one of London's elegant hair-dressing salons, I shed my courage with my coat.

Muttering firmly, "I don't want it cut too short... I can't afford a permanent wave... I won't let them give me a rinse!" I am led, clad in a ridiculous cotton cape, to the sanctuary of the maestro himself.

From then on the routine is depressingly the same. Madame's hair is always so thin, so straight, in such bad condition, such a dull colour, that I end up wondering why I dared to offer up my scalp to him at all. And I always get the cut, rinse and permanent wave I didn't want.

It seems that the more you pay for your shampoo-set, the more insulting the insults, the more despairing the stylist and the more likely you are to creep out nursing a giant inferiority complex.

A new way to the natural look if you're a home permanent fan: Wave your hair



Evening coiffure for the sophisticated—the hair is swept into a chignon, fastened by a jewelled clip, and the side hair brushed forward to cover the ears.

In the usual way—then cut it. Trimming the ends takes the tightest, frizziest part of the curl away, gives you a more casual effect.

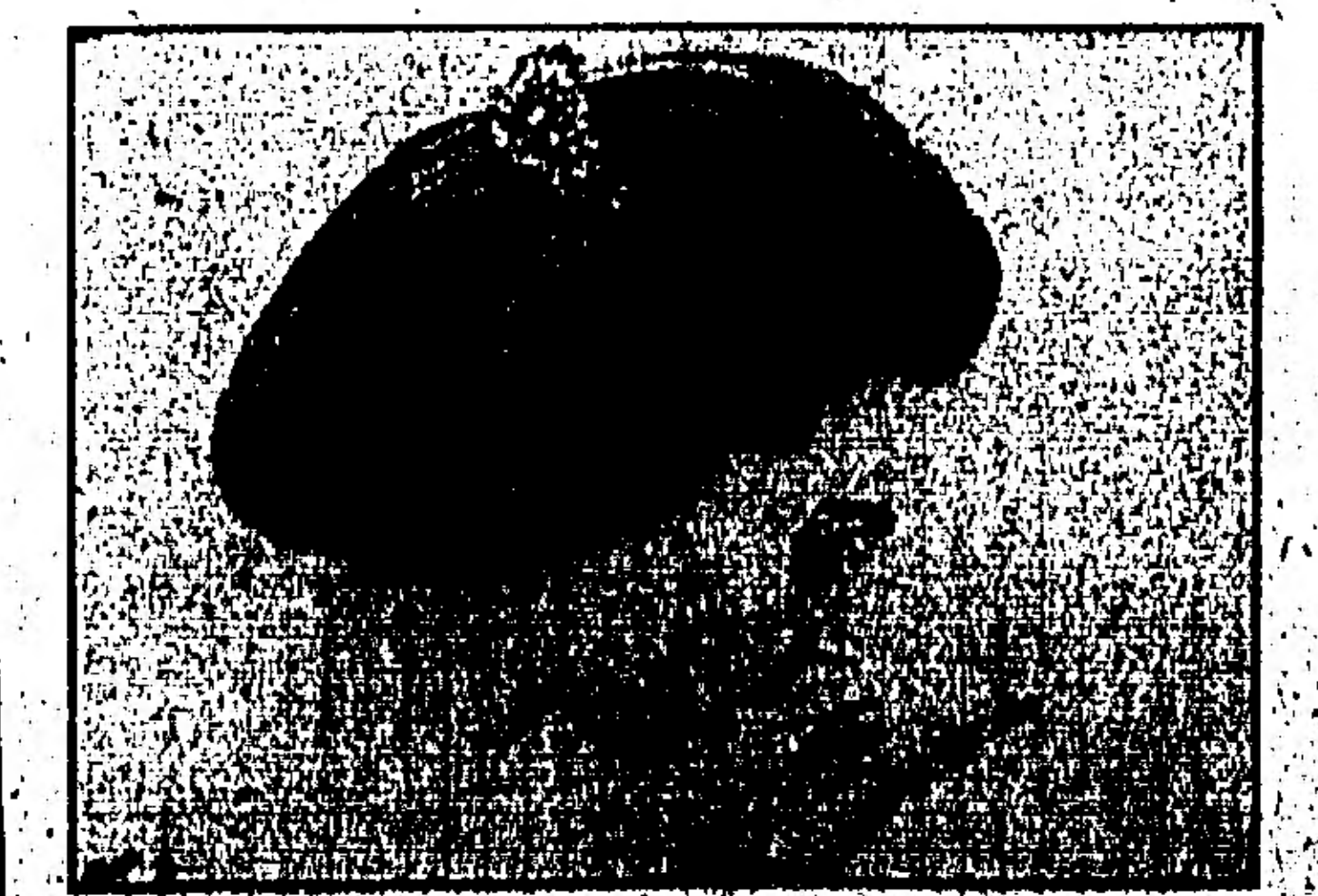
On its way to you: a colour rinse that stays in, but can be removed in an emergency by adding a chemical to your shampoo. An inexpensive carton will keep you the same colour for a month or so.

To give your friends something to talk about: pin-in-kiss curls in all sorts of improbable colours. They're on sale in London at the moment in every native, are made of nylon yet look surprisingly real, are kept in place with the aid of a hair-grip.

The remedy for soft, floppy hair—pour a tin of beer over your head while you're rinsing it. You'll find it gives the hair more 'body', makes it easier to set. If you haven't any beer, a 50/50 solution of vinegar and water is almost as good.

Latest craze among London's coffee bar crowd—the girls are wearing their hair in pig-tails. Some sport two minute plastic "Tyrolean" fashion, but the best looking ones bind their hair back into one thick, solitary pig-tail down their back—or cheat by pinning a nylon plait in place instead.

One London hair stylist is offering a "cool-and-set" service for his customers. At a small extra charge, he will spray hair with a new water-proofing lotion which makes rain run off like water down a duck's back. You can safely venture out in a rainstorm in seal-suit-like. And, what's more, this water-proofing solution is now being added to a spray setting lotion you can buy from the chemist.



Evening coiffure for the very chic—the hair is brushed back from the forehead, swept under in a chignon and caught in place with a jewelled clip.

When Glamour Goes Overboard

By VERONICA PAPWORTH

London. RIGHT through the winter they have been tarring bottoms and caulking seams—splicing, swelling, scraping and all the other odd-sounding things that chaps simply have to do before they go to sea.

Now the season is in full swing. Sailing is no longer the sport of kings and tea tycoons—anyone can have a go.

Anyone, that is, with £40 to spare for a dinghy. Writing as one who had never set foot on anything less solid than a cross-Channel steamer until I married into sailing, I insist that for a woman it is the least glamorous of all sports.

In fact, it sometimes comes dangerously near to being downright sordid.

I am not thinking of dreamy day trips on giant-yachts with masses of head-room, unlimited supplies of running water, wardrobes, retiring rooms and everything else a woman misses when she hasn't got it.

THE HARD WAY

I am thinking of staggering to and fro in a crouching position of washing in a canteen out of the time to let them know they can't come in... of sleeping in your clothes because it's too rough and you are too tired to struggle out of them... of no chance to get the tangies out of your hair... no full-length looking-glass no room to hang a dress up and constant cries and shouts from above for more hot tea or coffee or cocoa and "how long before the next meal?"

Some women cope with it all and look wonderful. Some cope with it all—and DON'T.



No full-length looking-glass.

I have been talking to a number of wives who go sailing the hard way.

A MUST

Pooling their views I have learned that washings of cleansing milk and lotions are a MUST—there's never enough water.

THAT a wise woman never goes to sea without a stiff wire clothes brush—"goodness knows why everybody wears navy—it's the worst ever for collecting fluff and dust."

THAT a Terylene and worsted skirt is the answer to all shoe-going problems—particularly a white one in summer.

THAT jeans are more sensible than shorts—"you get so many bumps and scratches."

THAT you must take clothes you can put on without the slightest adjustment—"it's like dressing in the dark really, no chance to see if a thing is draped right or tied properly."

How to keep one's hair tidy is a major problem:

"It's either a crew cut or rafe tails," says Mrs Douglas Wilkie, whose husband races Jolie

Me? I just fume—crying Yui Dayner.

As a postscript to this I must add that I also consulted three old salts (female) of the ocean racing world.

Here are their comments: "There's no time to worry over one's look..." "The best thing is to forget you're a woman and muck in with the men. They won't thank you for any glamour stuff..." "You're lucky if you can keep tidy—I can't."

See what I mean?

A REVIVER

Quite the finest hot weather tip I have ever been given: "Take a teaspoonful of EALIT, a glass of cold water when you're tired."

This good advice came from a doctor. So I didn't say what I thought. But that's what you give to make people sick."

I tried it instead—and it's a better, plain-meal than food champagne.

Change, too.

1957—
YOUR DEEP
YEAR?

Around about the end of December most of us began to show definite signs of schizophrenia, sometimes known under its other name of New Year Resolutions.

Our personalities split in two and the angel half wrote a long list of the acts of discipline, self-denial and charity it would accomplish in the coming new year.

On January 1 we rose immediately the alarm rang, touched our toes, performed deep breathing exercises, drank our tea without sugar and actually smiled at our breakfast mates. And the hopes we entertained! One month from now, by dint of doing without over-rich cakes, sugar and sweets, we shall have a figure like a fashion model! Sanity and the Awful Truth returned circa Jan. 2. "Never," we said, compensating ourselves for the previous day's excessive and impossible strain by sampling a pile of buttered scones, "never shall we regain our girlish figures."

If that is the kind of fate which overtook your attempts at weight-reducing you should try P.L.'s Fabian Slimming Method. The principle of the Fabian Slimming Method is as old as the hills of Rome itself—for it takes its name from Quintus Fabius, the general who objected Hannibal to war on the "never-never" system. His do-it-gradually tactics reduced Hannibal's weight—and they will do the same for you.

The strength of The Method lies in the fact that it treats you not as an angel but as a mortal woman.

It tells you not to wage pitched battles against your body's long-established cravings. Instead it says, Do gradually without the foods you know to be fattening. It also tells you to enlist your natural allies: P.L. lemon juice, for instance, taken in warm water daily before breakfast without sugar, and a little (equally regular) exercise to help you face life briskly.

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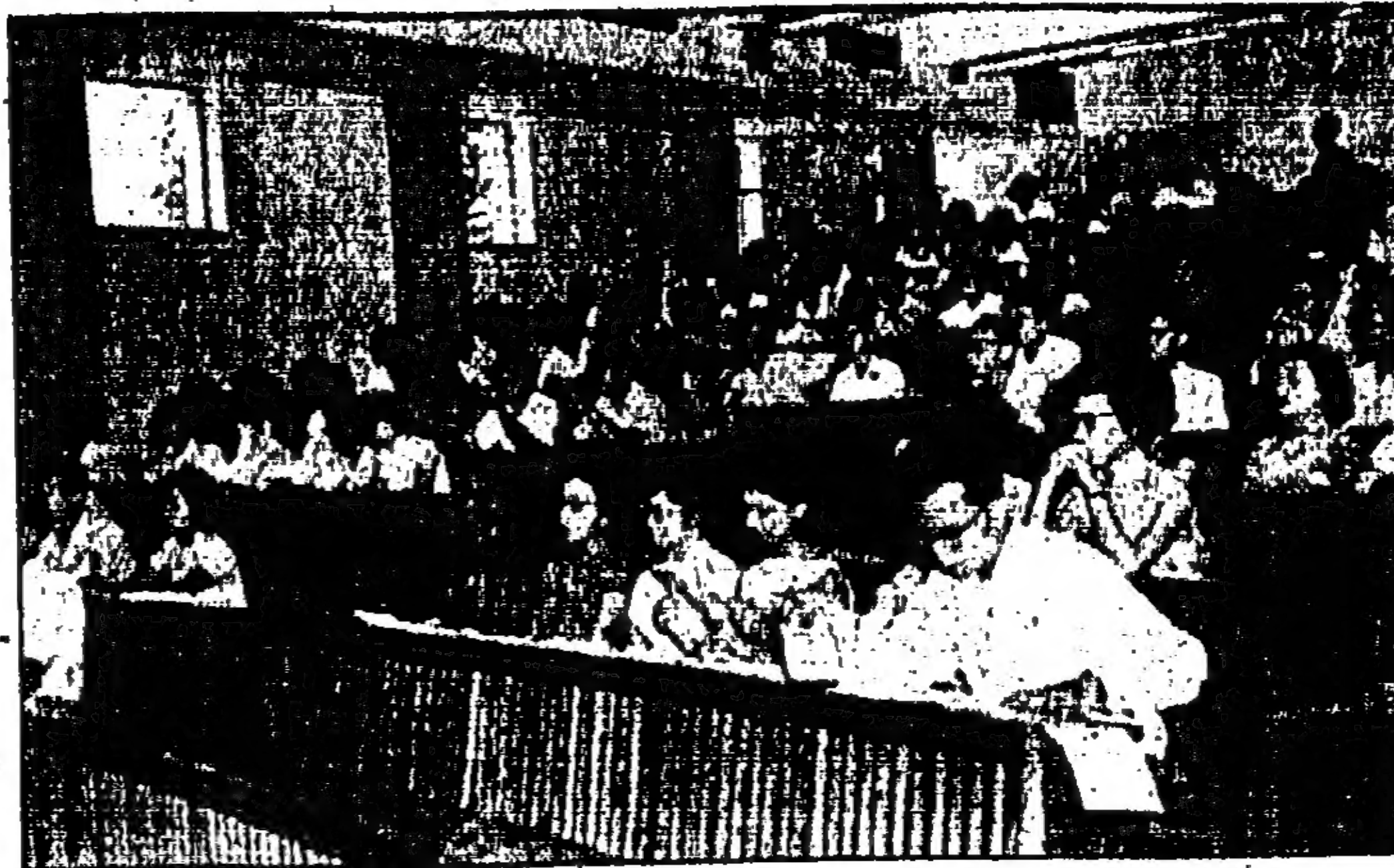
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ABOVE: Seventy teams of two, a million questions, and an electronic brain if possible, and you have . . . statistics. Here is the HKU Housing Survey getting down to work.

LEFT: Strange rumours flew around high places resulting in a Korean official announcement that Mrs Blackwood's visit to China was "unintentional" . . . before this American couple finally left Hongkong after their "curiosity trip" to Communist China that "did not turn out so well."

RIGHT: Count H. de Romée de Vichon, Belgian Consul-General in Hongkong is seen with Mrs Burgess, wife of the Hon. C. B. Burgess (Officer Administering the Government) at a reception on the Belgian National Day.

(Staff Photographers)



End of term or start of holidays? At St Stephen's Church Primary School it looks more like a starting gate than a finishing line.

LEFT: Cocktails. Such a lovely picture hardly needs a caption. But—for the record . . . Miss P. Adarkar at India Association reception for the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee.

(Staff Photographers)



ABOVE: Mrs Wilson Wang, Mr J. C. MacDougall, Mr Wang, Mrs MacDougall and Mr Au Wai Sum at King's Theatre for the Tung Wah Primary Schools prize-giving.

BELOW: Highlight of Royal Naval water sports was the final in the water-polo championships when swimmers of HMS Newcastle (white hats) trounced the HMS Newfoundland team, in blue; three-nil. (Staff Photographers)



LEFT: The Abdul Rabs, Pakistan's First Trade Commissioner, descending from the BOAC Britannia on her first commercial flight into Hongkong. And BELOW two passengers who left on her first flight out—HK Girl Guides Julie Cheng and Juliette de Sousa bound for Windsor Great Park to see the Queen.

(Staff Photographers)





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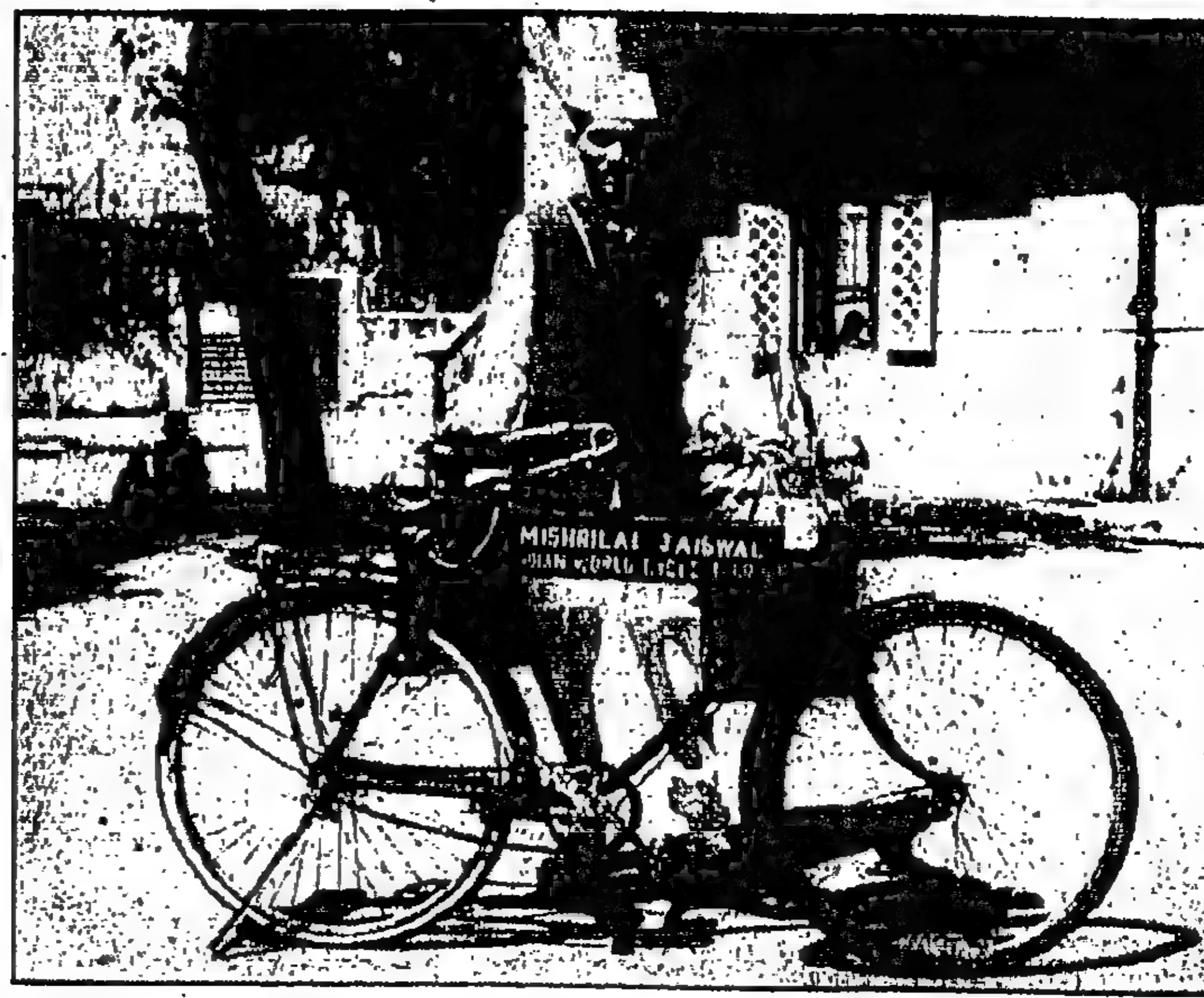
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ABOVE: Mishrilal Jaiswal set off April 1952 on his bicycle—has cycled through 84,000 miles, three machines, and 57 countries spreading Gandhi's doctrine of "non-violence."

LEFT: Eddie Gong ends his world wide search for the perfect bride with the girl who was there all along—Sophie Vlachos. (Staff Photographers)

RIGHT: Capt A. R. Robinson and Christine Sample at All Souls Garrison Church, Sek Kong. (Mainland)

BELOW: Mr S. Scott Davis and Dorothea Lethbridge in an all-Australian wedding at St Andrew's (left). And far right, Lorretta Look marries her Marine S/Sgt Lee Roy James of the US Consulate staff. (Staff Photographers)



LEFT: Bob Kipthuth (above) has coached Yale swimmers 44 years and US Olympic teams since 1928, arrives at Kai Tak on a world tour with his granddaughter, and did a little coaching and speaking here too. Below—Reunion after 27 years—when Air Commodore A. D. Messenger AOC (Hongkong) arrived at Kai Tak to meet the Vice Chief of the Air Staff designate, he met his old flying instructor from Cranwell—now Air Marshal Edmund Hudleston. (Staff Photographers)

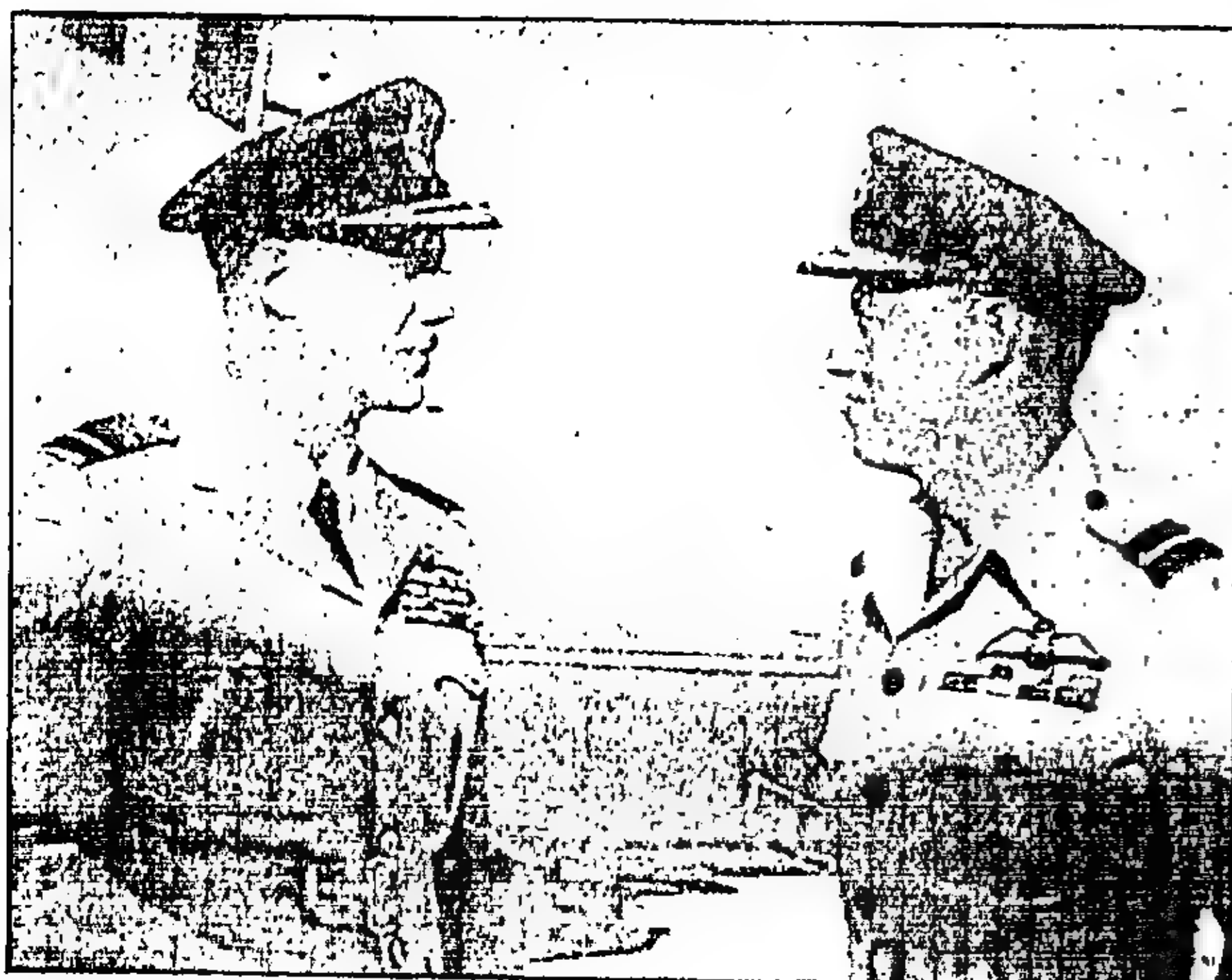


ABOVE: Dr Thomas Ho and (she didn't have to change her name) Dorothy Ho at Hop Yat Church. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: Sgt William Dippie of REME and Miss J. Laidig at Sek Kong Church. (Mainland)

RIGHT: Flying Officer John Arnold of the RAF Malay Regiment and Heather Hall at St Michael's, Kai Tak. (Staff Photographers)

BELOW: Farewell to the Bar Convenor—members of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force say "goodbye" to Mr G. H. Shariff who quits the Urban Services Department shortly on retirement leave. (Staff Photographer)



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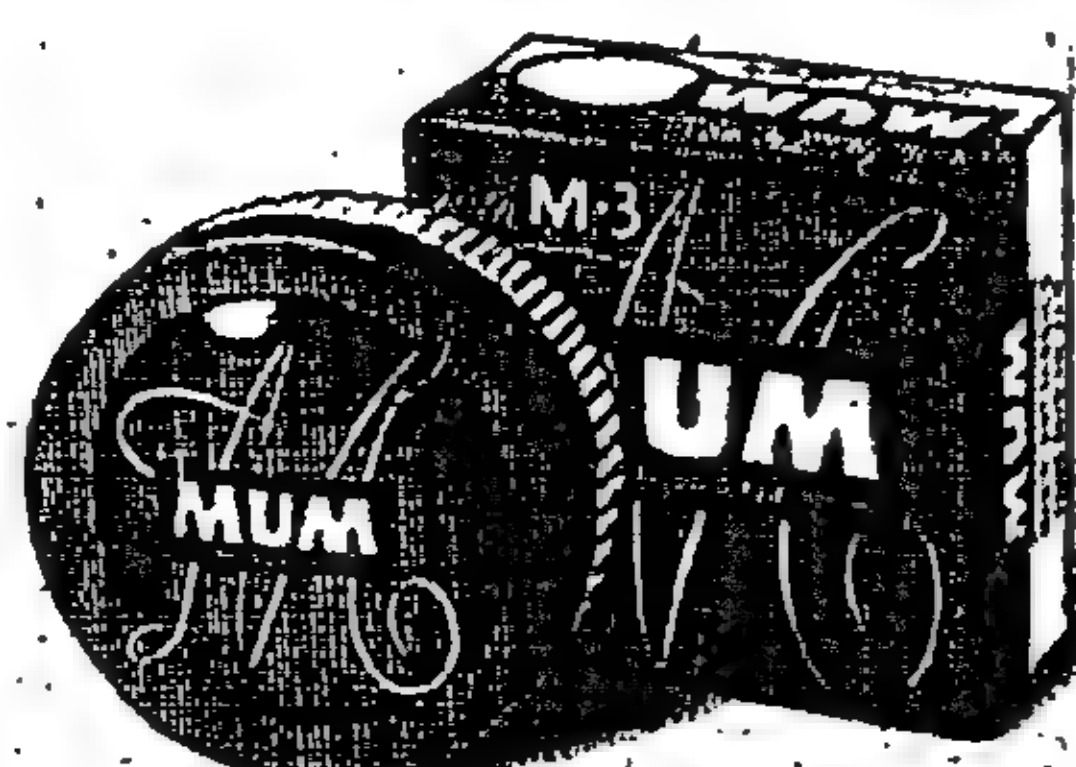
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Three-piece Cheval Set

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Marker-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm). 4 balls selected colour. Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3. (Black workers could use a No. 2½ hook and light workers a No. 2½).

TENSION: 5 sps and 5 rows=1 in. (2.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS: Centre-piece: 14½ in. x 10½ in. (37 cm. x 26.5 cm.). Small Mat: 9½ in. (24 cm.) square.

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; ss—single stitch; dc—double crochet; tr—treble; sp—space.

CENTREPIECE

Commence with 116 ch. 1st Row: 1 tr into 8th ch from hook, * 2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr into

next ch; repeat from * 35 times more, 5 ch, turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr, 1 tr into next tr, * 2 ch, 1 tr into next tr; repeat from * ending with 2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr into next turning ch, 5 ch, turn.

Repeat 2nd row 55 times more, omitting turning ch on last row.

55th Row: 3 dc over row-end, 1 dc into same place as last tr, * 2 dc over next row-end, 1 dc into top of next tr, 2 dc over next row-end, 1 dc into same place as tr of row-end; repeat from * to corner sp, 5 dc into this sp, continue working dc all round, having 2 dc into each sp and 1 dc into each tr and having 5 dc into each corner sp, ending

2nd Row: 1 dc into next tr, * 7 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 dc into next tr; repeat from * 5 times more, 3 ch, 1 dc into 3rd of 5 dc at corner of one long side of mat, 3 ch, miss 2 tr of motif, 1 dc into next tr of motif, 3 ch, miss 5 dc of mat, 1 dc into next dc of mat, 3 ch, miss 2 tr of motif, 1 dc into next tr of motif, 7 ch, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

SECOND MOTIF

Work same as first motif for one row.

2nd Row: 1 dc into next tr, * 7 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 dc into next tr; repeat from * 5 times more, 3 ch, 1 dc into 2nd loop of previous motif, 3 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 dc into next tr, 3 ch, 1 dc into first loop of previous motif, 3 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 dc into next tr, 7 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 dc into next tr, 3 ch, miss 2 tr of motif, 1 dc into next tr, 3 ch, miss 5 dc of mat, 1 dc into next dc, 3 ch, miss 2 tr of motif, 1 dc into next tr, 7 ch, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

Make 7 more motifs in same manner, joining each as second was joined to first.

Make 6 more motifs along end of mat but do not join loops of motif on each side of corner.

Work other two sides to correspond.

EDGING

1st Row: Join thread in first free loop of second motif of one long side, 1 dc into same loop, * 5 ch, 1 dc into next free loop; repeat from * ending with 5 ch, 1 ss into first dc.

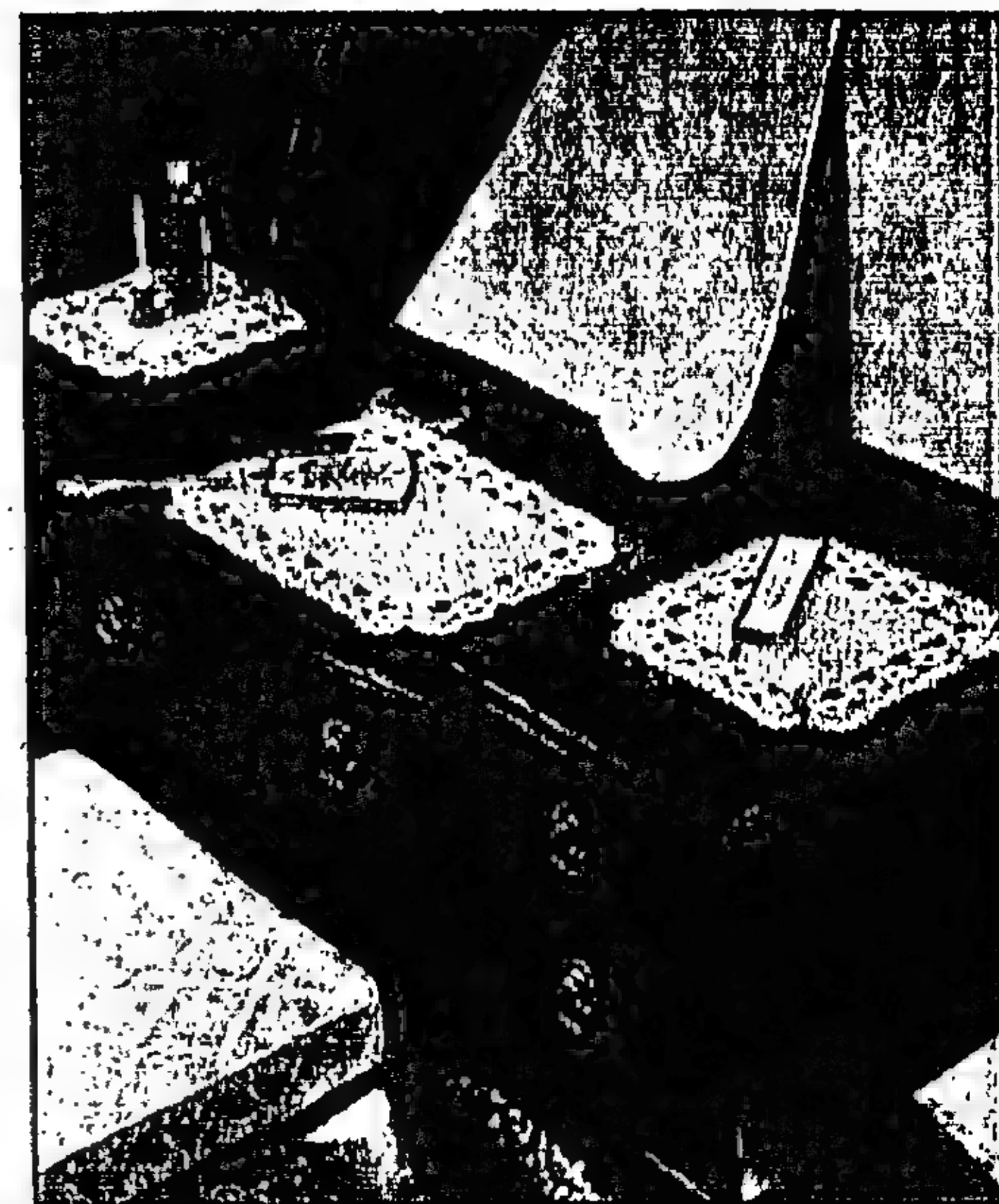
2nd Row: 1 ss into loop, 3 ch, 4 tr into same loop, * 1 ch, 5 tr into next loop; repeat from * 31 times more, 1 ch, 2 tr into next loop, 1 ch, miss 5 ch, 2 tr into first free loop of next motif (thus missing 5 ch loop at corner). Continue all round having corners same as first

with 2 dc into first corner sp, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

MOTIF

Commence with 13 ch, join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch, into ring work 35 tr, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.



corner, ending with 1 ch, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 1 ss into each of next 4 tr, * 1 dc into next 1 ch sp, 4 ch, 1 ss into last dc (picot made), 5 ch; repeat from * all round, omitting 1 ch sp at each corner, ending with 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

SMALL MAT (MAKE 2)

Commence with 95 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr into 8th ch from hook, * 2 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 tr into next ch; repeat from * 28 times more, 5 ch, turn.

2nd Row: As 2nd row of centre-piece.

Repeat 2nd row 26 times more, omitting turning ch on last row. Now work a row of dc all round mat same as centre-piece. Work a row of motifs all round mat having 5

EDGING

1st Row: Join thread in first free loop of second motif of one side, 1 dc into same loop, * 5 ch, 1 dc into next free loop; repeat from * all round, ending with 5 ch, 1 ss into first dc.

2nd Row: 1 ss into loop, 3 ch, 4 tr into same loop, * 1 ch, 5 tr into next loop; repeat from * 15 times more, 1 ch, 2 tr into next loop, 1 ch, miss 5 ch, 2 tr into first free loop of next motif, (1 ch, 5 tr into next loop) 7 times; repeat from first, omitting 5 tr at end of last repeat, 1 ss into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: As 3rd row of centre-piece.

Damp and pin out to measurements.

CHILD'S SUN SUIT

—to fit four to six-year-olds

MATERIALS: 3 ozs. Main Colour and 1 oz. Contrast Colour Sirdar Majestic Wool, 3 ply. or 4 ozs. Main Colour and 2 ozs. Contrast Colour Sirdar Talisman Wool, 3 ply. 1 pair each No. 10 and 12 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder to bottom gusset: 21 inches. Length of leg seam: 1 inch.

TENSION: 8 sts to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K. knit; p. purl; st. stitches; rem. remain; tog. together; inc. increase; dec. decrease; p.s.s.o. pass slip stitch over; C. contrast; M. W. main wool; inc. inches beg. beginning.

FRONT RIGHT LEG

With No. 10 needles and M. W. cast on 56 sts.

1st row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 2, p. 2, turn.

2nd row: K. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

3rd row: Sl. 1, k. 1, p. 2 (k. 2, p. 2) twice, turn.

4th row: (K. 2, p. 2) twice, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1.

5th row: (Sl. 1, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 2) 4 times.

6th row: K. 2, p. 2, 4 times, k. 2.

Work in this manner (keeping pattern) over 6 more sts. in the next and every alternate row until 8 sts. rem.

17th and 18th rows: Pattern all stitches. Leave on spare needle.

LEFT LEG

With No. 10 needles and M. W. cast on 56 sts.

1st row: Sl. 1, k. 1, * p. 2, k. 1, repeat from * to last 2 sts, p. 1, k. 1.

2nd row: Sl. 1, k. 1, p. 2, k. 2, turn.

3rd row: K. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

4th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 2, (p. 2, k. 2) twice, turn.

5th row: (K. 2, p. 2) twice, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1.

6th row: Sl. 1, k. 1, (p. 2, p. 2) 4 times, turn.

7th row: (K. 2, p. 2) 4 times, k. 2.

Work from * to * as given for right leg.

Next row: Pattern all sts.

18th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, (k. 2, p. 2) 12 times, k. 1. Cast on 3

sts. work across the 56 sts. from spare needle (drop edge to centre), k. 2, p. 2, 15 times, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1. (114 sts.)

Pattern 3 rows.

1st row: Pattern 54, sl. 1 k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 2, k. 2 tog., pattern 54 sts.

2nd row: Pattern 54, p. 1 k. 2, p. 1, pattern 54 sts.

Pattern 4 rows.

7th row: Pattern 53, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2, k. 2 tog., pattern 53 sts.

Pattern 5 rows.

13th row: Pattern 52, sl. 1 k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 2, k. 2 tog., pattern 52 sts.

14th row: Pattern 52, k. 4, pattern 52 sts.

Pattern 4 rows.

Continue in this manner dec. once at each side of 2 centre sts. in the next and every 6th row until 90 sts. remain. Without shaping continue until work measures 7½ ins. from 2 cast on sts. ending 2nd or 4th pattern row. Break wool. With No. 12 needles and C. W. proceed for Waist Band.

1st row: (K. 2 tog.) twice, k. 2 to last 4 sts. (K. 2 tog.) twice.

2nd row: Sl. 1, k. 2 to end of row.

Repeat 2nd row 14 times.

17th row: Cast off 10 sts, k. 2 to last 10 sts, cast them off (break C. W.).

For Bib On wrong side rejoin M. W. and using No. 10 needles, sl. 1, purl to last st, k. 1.

1st row: Sl. 1, k. 1, * p. 2, k. 2, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row: Sl. 1, p. 1, * k. 2, p. 2, repeat from * to last 4 sts, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1.

Repeat 2nd row once and 1st row once.

Continue on these 4 rows until work measures 8½ inches from top of waist band, ending 2nd or 4th row.

Shape the top: 1st row: Pattern 31, k. 2 tog.,

Continuing in pattern dec. at inside edge every row until 14 sts. remain.

Pattern 1 row. Cast off.

Right side facing, rejoin wool to rem. 33 sts, k. 2 tog. pattern to end of row, work as for other side.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles, and M. W. cast on 56 sts. Work as given for front until 7½ inches from 3 cast on sts, ending 2nd

or 4th pattern row.



Shape the back:

1st and 2nd rows: Pattern to last 10 sts, turn.

3rd and 4th rows: Pattern to last 20 sts, turn.

5th and 6th rows: Pattern to last 30 sts, turn.

7th and 8th rows: Pattern to last 40 sts, turn.

9th and 10th rows: Pattern to end of rows.

Work waist band with C.W. as given for front, also using M.W. for bib as front.

The Gusset: Using No. 10 needles and M.W. cast on 2 sts.

1st row: Sl. 1, k. 1.

2nd row: (K. 1, p. 1) into first st. (p. 1, k. 1) into the 2nd st.

3rd row: Sl. 1, p. 2, k. 1.

4th row: Inc. once in 1st st, k. 2, inc. once in last st.

5th row: Sl. 1, p. 1, k. 2, p. 1, k. 1.

6th row: Inc. in 1st st, k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, inc. in last st.

7th row: Sl. 1, k. 2, p. 2, k. 3, continue inc. at each end of next and alternate rows until 22 sts.

Pattern 1 row. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and alternate rows until 2 sts. rem.

Cast off.

SHOULDER STRAPS (BOTH ALIKE)

With C.W. and No. 12 needles, cast on 14 sts.

1st row: Sl. 1, k. to end. Repeat for 6 ins. Cast off.

BIB BORDERS (BOTH ALIKE)

With C.W. and No. 12 needles, cast on 8 sts.

1st row: Sl. 1, k. to end. Repeat 31 times.

Next row: Sl. 1, inc. in next st, k. to last 2 sts, k. 2 tog.

Next row: Sl. 1, k. to end. Repeat these 2 rows 20 times.

Next row: K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts, inc. k. 1.

Next row: Sl. 1, k. to end of row. Repeat last 2 rows 20 times, then 1st row 32 times. Cast off.

LEG BANDS (BOTH ALIKE)

With C.W. and No. 12 needles, cast on 9 sts, k. for 14 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP THE SUIT

Press each piece lightly under a damp cloth with hot iron.

Sew side seams and gusset in position. Join leg bands and position them round leg edges.

Sew bib borders, along top of bib and shoulder straps into position placing ends to bib border edges. Press seams.

SMOKING

The 'scare' school gets some new facts to think about



THOSE experts who insist there is still no proof that smoking causes lung cancer, in spite of the Medical Research Council's "official" statement that it does, get strong support from the results of experiments by 11 independent research teams issued recently.

The results show that repeated attempts to cause cancer of any kind by exposing animals to cigarette smoke and tobacco tar have failed almost entirely.

Human beings—on whom such dangerous experiments cannot be performed—would probably react in the same way, the experts infer. So after four years of intensive research the case against the cigarette still rests almost completely on the evidence of STATISTICS.

The rare instances in which malignant growths appear to have been caused in animals have plunged the issue into even greater confusion.

Examine the results of these experiments—experiments which were not sponsored by the tobacco manufacturers but by the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

Mice, rats, and hamsters have been exposed to the smoke and tar derived from British cigarettes at the Royal Cancer Hospital, London. "In no instance has any tumour arisen as a result," reports Professor Richard Pacey. This negative finding has been confirmed by experiments at Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, and other cancer research centres.

EVEN AIR POLLUTION...

WHEN Professor Pacey repeated his experiments with tar derived from American tobacco two animals developed growths which might have been caused by it.

This finding could explain why U.S. workers regularly produce skin cancer in animals by painting them with tobacco tar, while the British scientists have failed. But it sheds no light on the lung cancer issue.

For it to make sense, lung cancer should be common among U.S. smokers, but not among British. In fact it is rising among both.

At London Hospital tumours appeared in several mice which had been treated with tobacco tar plus a proved cancer-forming chemical. This suggests that tobacco tar, while not causing cancer itself, might make the tissues more susceptible to the effects of other cancer-forming agents.

Where could such agents come from? The pollution in the air is highly suspect. Thus, when researchers at Newcastle-upon-Tyne painted mice with extracts from the fumes of diesel engines several of the animals died with lung tumours suggesting the presence of a cancer-forming chemical.

Efforts to prove any connection between pollution and smoking have all failed. Thus, the workers at the Royal Cancer Hospital have exposed rats to the combined effect of cigarette and coal smoke without causing any cancer.

...AND THE KIPPER

AT St Bartholomew's Hospital a team led by Professor John Blacklock extracted the tar from a proprietary form of filter which fits into a cigarette holder. Each filter had been used to smoke at least 10 cigarettes.

When this tar was inhaled into the lungs of eight white rats, two of them developed cancer. This would suggest that the filters had been effective in taking some cancer-forming agent out of the smoke. But if this is so, how is it that the unfiltered smoke and tar produce no cancers?

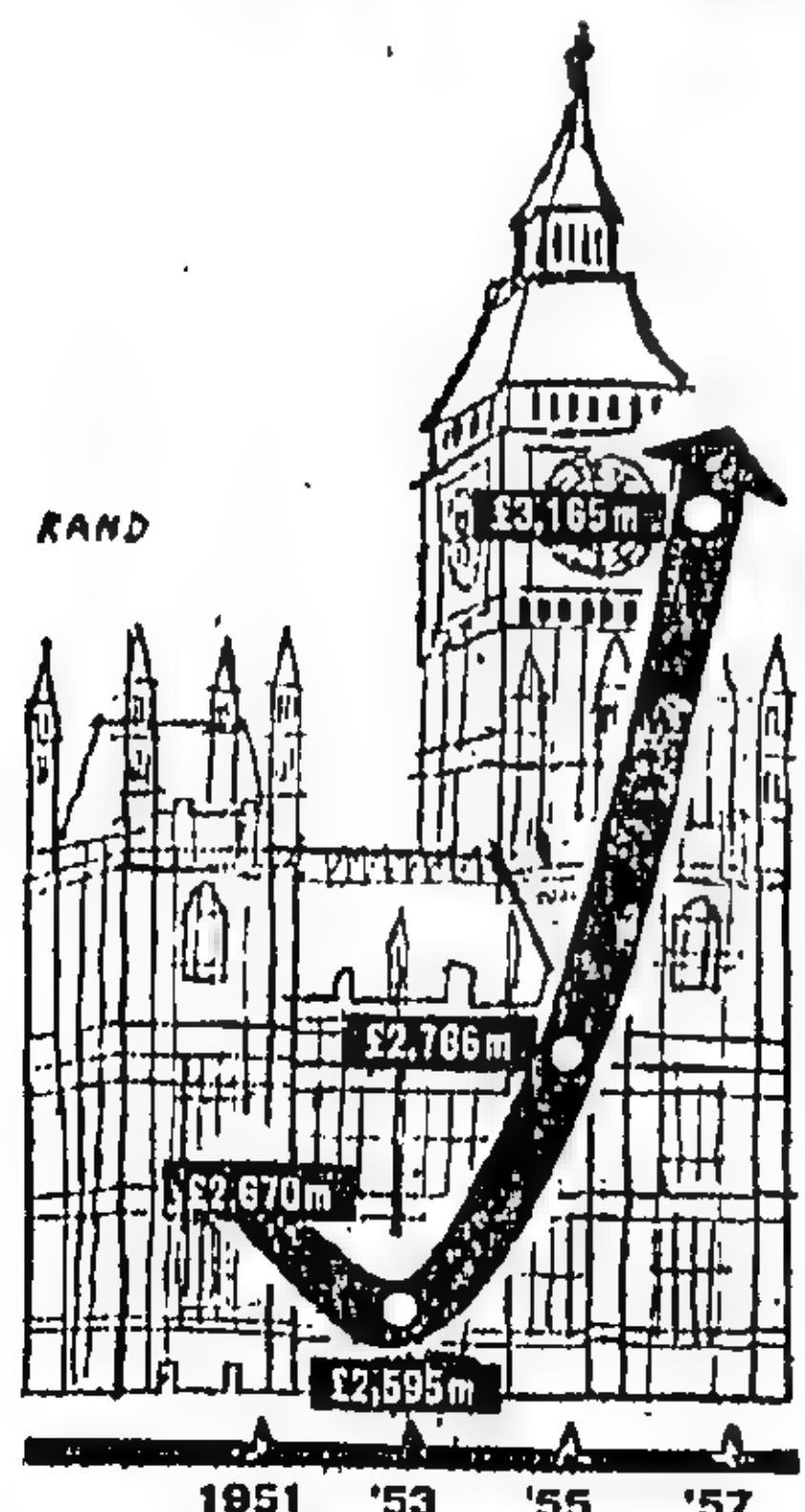
In spite of these doubts, suspicion about smoke in any form is now so strong that the doctors are turning their attention to the possibility that smoked fish may cause cancer of the stomach.

Think of it. Not only smoked salmon and fennel haddock, but even the kipper now falls under suspicion.

This is surely enough to make any would-be abstainer, who is not over-impressed by statistics alone, flick open his cigarette case and say: "I just give up."

Chapman Pincher

THE SPENDTHRIFTS



The Government Spends More

UP goes Government spending. DOWN goes the purchasing power of the pound. This Michael Rand chart shows how Government spending has soared since the Tories came into office.

They reduced expenditure slightly in the first three years. By 1955 increased Government spending had more than offset the economies. For the current year the estimates are £404,016,540 more than the amount spent in their first year.

And the buying power of the pound has steadily fallen from the 50s of 1951 to 16s 1d this year.

Port-au-Prince, Haiti. AT the airport of Port-au-Prince, the capital of Haiti, a bongo drummer in a gay shirt patters out jungle rhythms as the foreign passengers land.

This is part of a brave attempt to persuade everyone that all is well and happy days are here again. But although Haiti may be half of an island in the sun, it is also a country in a mess.

I have seen many an odd situation here and there in my time, but I cannot think of any quite so embarrassing to all concerned as this.

NEW BOSS

DOLLAR-SHORT Haiti's tourist trade had zoomed since the war into her number two industry, worth not far short of \$10,000,000 dollars a year.

The Americans, only four hours away by air from Miami, were coming in increasing swarms to sample the rum, see the primitive dancing, and sniver deliciously at carefully-laid-out exhibitions of "voodoo" rites.

But then the Haitians, whose political history is riddled with violence, started to have some fun of their own.

There have been seven different Governments in the past six months. Finally last month, a 48-year-old army officer named Antonio Kereau emerged from the provinces to conduct a swiftness of "putsch" and instal himself as boss of a three-man military junta.

Kereau declared a state of siege, which means, among other things, that there is a curfew, summary trials can be held, and anyone's home entered without a warrant.

"There must be calm in the streets and calm in the hearts of our people," declared Kereau, a tough, determined

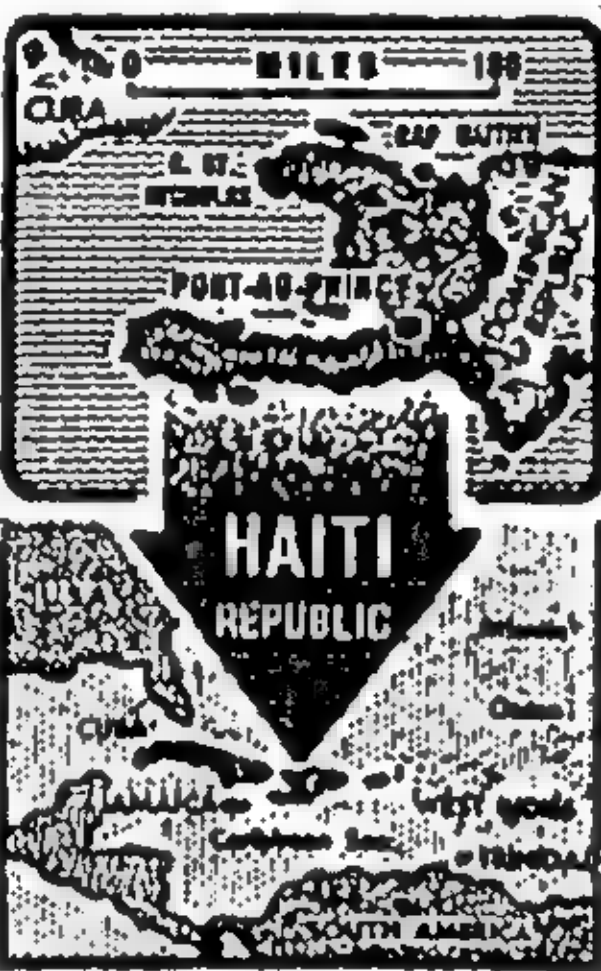
man who was trained for the priesthood and who has held many important police commands in the course of his military career.

The calm was instantly shattered when the people of Port-au-Prince, many of whom live in a shocking shanty town, started up a "voodoo" (ghost) demonstration in favour of the President—Daniel Fignole—whom Kereau had deposed at gun-point and exiled to New York.

An tremendous din welled up—rocks were pounded on to the roofs and thousands of people screamed and moaned in their homes like banshees. Kereau's police in their American-style military uniforms moved in with long bursts of tommygun fire.

An estimated 50 people were killed and hundreds gaoled.

In the past three weeks an uneasy calm has held. But where you have a military dictatorship running a country in which civil war could break



News from Britain by LES ARMOUR

GOING UP

"If only," mused the young man, "my wife and I had met Mr Brian Duckworth at the time of our engagement our lives might have been changed."

"If only we had realised that by refraining from such ridiculous luxuries as eating sleeping, wearing clothes, paying taxes and travelling to work we might have saved almost the whole of our joint £20 a week...."

Now this Mr Brian Duckworth was author of a

letter to "The Times", a letter which "The Times" placed at the head of the list of the op-eds from M.P.s, retired statesmen, ambassadors, prelates, and tycoons which daily flood into its office.

He waxed indignant at a suggestion (later officially described as a merely "tentative suggestion") from the Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation that public loans should be provided in order to help young married couples set up house.

It was this sort of thing, in Duckworth's view, which was leading the country along that path which leads only to disaster and the complete collapse of moral fibre. The young, he said, both could and should save.

The ubiquitous never-never, luring the young into debt, was bad enough. But to elevate it to the status of national policy! He was followed, however, by a man who represented a church committee which had planned a £3,000 extension to its building.

Being prudent and non-believers in the never-never they had decided to wait until they had raised at least £2,000 before embarking on the programme. By that time, the cost of the work had risen to £4,000.

The ugly truth, despite Mr Duckworth, appears to be that inflation is now moving so fast that, in the case of stable expenditures, it is no use saving your money. By the time you've saved the amount you originally needed the value of money will have depreciated to the point where it will no longer do.

If, on the other hand, you buy your house on a mortgage the value of the house will tend to rise as you pay for it so that your investment remains safe.

And, if you buy a car on the never-never you will go on paying only the price at the date you bought it even though money is depreciating and the price of cars is going up.

Even allowing for the interest you pay, you may save money. So perhaps there is something to be said for the "tentative suggestion" put forward by the Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation.

Dear Ike: better watch the 'hot spot' right on your doorstep...

FROM RENE MACCOLL

out at any time. It is a poor moment to beg for tourists. Kereau himself has said that the official policy is "to be grim and gay"—which sounds something like that old-time song hit "I'm Dancing With Tears In My Eyes."

In the 1960s, sunshine the multi-coloured parakeets dart and screech, the graceful women in their garish dresses smoke their pipes and sway along beneath huge baskets balanced on their heads like extras in a Katherine Dunham dance finale, the open-air markets among the flame trees are full of colour and sound, and the mountains, where sometimes the drums throb, brood high over all.

But the swimming pools in the luxury hotels remain practically empty, the voices of the croupiers in the casino sound lost and mournful, and when one rare tourist encounters another it is almost the Stanley and Livingstone routine all over again.

The formerly gay nightspots are hard hit by the 11 p.m. curfew, but some of them have gamely tried to weather it by urging their dew guests to stay on all night and emerge legally with the dawn.

IN THE RED

TRY to imagine Blackpool, Bournemouth and Bexhill at the very height of the summer season—and with only a handful of people about the place.

Try to imagine deserted cafes, empty bars, and echoing hotels. Tommyguns among the oaks and instant arrest if you are not home by 11 p.m.

Scarcely the carefree holiday atmosphere. Political chaos has meant economic disaster. The budget is in the red, many of the population go hungry, and business bankruptcies are as common as bare feet. But if Kereau is embarrassed—then so is the U.S. News columnist in America.

Washington is ready enough to concern itself with overseas problems anywhere in the world—except in her own backyard. "Isn't Haiti part of 'the West'?" asks one American writer.

WATCHING

AMERICA has a special interest in Haiti because for 20 years—from 1915 to 1934—the country was run under a U.S. Marines occupation.

The Americans did much in the way of roads, telephones, and sewage disposal, but they also left a legacy of bitterness after the crushing of a revolt against them.

Now Washington watches the Black Republic lapsing into chaos, and calculates the chances of Communism taking root among the shanty town despair.

She has so far not recognised the Kereau dictatorship (neither has Britain), but the Republic of Panama has hastened to extend diplomatic recognition.

America would certainly produce the dollars to help Haiti—if Washington could be sure that some sort of stability had been achieved.

And if Kereau, the tough policeman-soldier, manages the miracle and stays on in power, does America then agree to give her dollars to a military dictatorship?

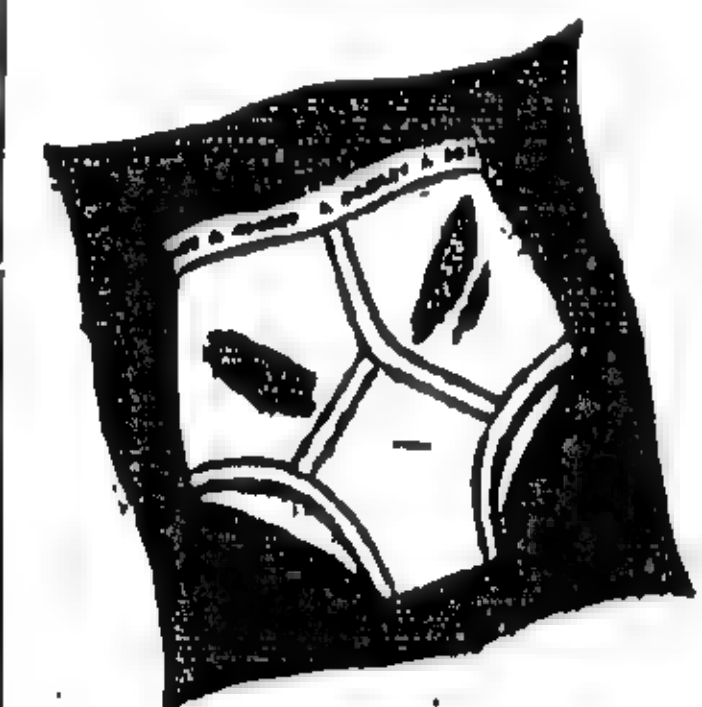
Don't Listen To Chariotans!

Beware of the so-called eye doctors who claim to be able to "cure" nearsightedness, farsightedness and other related eye conditions by following a set of eye exercises. Such exercises are helpful only in certain cases but they are no miraculous cures.

When you feel there is something wrong with your eyes or when you feel they need correction, be sure to see an oculist or a qualified optician for proper aid or advice. And you should make it a point to see him at least once a year.

The Amoriex Company, Inc., U.S.A.
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The Univis Lens Company, U.S.A.

ccc



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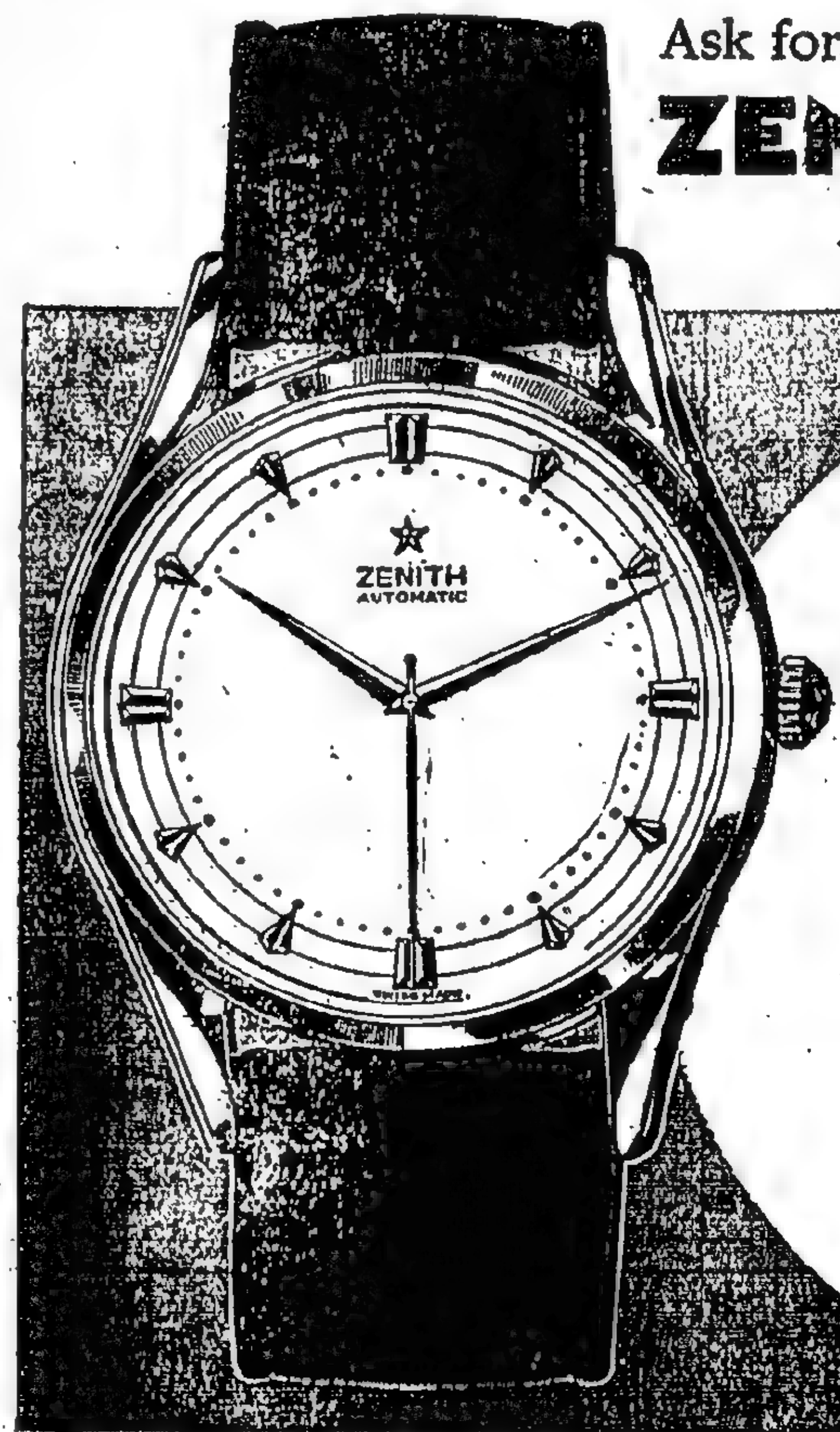
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FICTION
SHELF

by PHILIP OAKES

THE FOURTH WORLD. By Daphne Athias. Secker & Warburg, 18s. March. Sometimes called American novel, set in a school for the blind, whose head insists that loss of sight demands social chastity; no mingling of the sexes; no marriage for the blind. Rising tension brought to flash-point by a fragile love affair between students. At its best when exposing the cruel world of adolescents learning to live in darkness.

• **ON THE HAYCOCK.** By Leslie Michael Joseph. 15s.—Unemphatic, but effective, story of a doctor (threatened by the return of blindness), and the four women in his life. Rather limp here, but most interesting in the profound, sacred, cosy and romantic. Narrative meanders here and there, but it covers a surprising amount of ground.

• **THE HOUR OF LOVE.** By Maxence Van der Meulen. 18s. Posthumous novel which completes the trilogy, *The Poor Girl*. Told in the first person by factory-hand heroine, with literary lover and snobbish in-laws. Utterly sincere, unambiguously solemn.

• **THE PIONEERS.** by Jack Schoerer. Deutsch, 8s. 6d. Eleven stories of the Old West by the author of *Shane*. No gun fights at high noon, but a sturdy, sensitive profiling of the kind of people who helped to shape a country.

• **WOMAN OF STRAW.** by Catherine Arley. Collins, 12s. 6d. Ruthless, easy in crime and punishment about a pretty German war orphan who tricks an aging millionaire into marriage, intending to grab his fortune. Shrewdly sharp understanding of avarice.

• **THE GALLANT AFFAIR.** by Hank Hobson. Cassell, 11s. 6d. London-based, American-accented thriller about a tough private eye slugging his way through vice rings and Somo mobs, in search of a missing girl. Strictly sub-Chandler, but quite ingenious and not unexciting.

• **THE CASE OF FOUR FRIENDS.** by J. C. Masterman. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d. Slick study in pre-detection, featuring Dr. Brendon—a lawyer and criminologist—who foresees the murder of one of four friends. The problem is: Who will do what, and to whom?

(London Express Service).

MR. DONEGAN
IS LOOKING
FOR GAGS

HIS chin juts out like a bleak penitentiary. Stubborn, but unstubbled. The deep-set eyes are as frank as a French B picture. The nose is a distinguished parabola that goes a long way to meeting the chin.

RECORD
ROUND

by RAMSDEN GREIG

This turns out to be Anthony Donegan, formerly banjoist in traditional jazz bands but better known today as Lonnie Donegan, monarch of the skiffle music.

When I met him Mr Donegan was sprawled unregally across a sofa in his Hippodrome dressing-room. He had come off-stage after a spirited and perspiring performance of his super-charged folk music.

ORGANISED

In the street outside a group of agitated fans were chanting: "We want our Lonnie," and a minor member of the business organisation behind Mr Donegan was chanting: "Buy the official Lonnie Donegan biography."

I told Mr Donegan: "Business seems as brisk as ever." And added on behalf of the traditional jazz purists: "Isn't there just one tiny sign that skiffle is on the skirts or rock-n-roll on the rocks?"

Mr Donegan, who sings through his nose in an almost incoherent Irish-American accent and talks off-stage through his mouth in strong Cockney lilt with Scots said: "We're still having a ball and I think we'll go on having one for a long, long time."

THE EVIDENCE

Further evidence that Mr Donegan is certain that skiffle and Donegan are here to stay and will continue to bring him in a weekly salary that show business financiers estimate at almost a hundred times as much as he got playing a banjo, is supplied by his business manager.

"He's planning," the man says, "to leave the flat he has in a house owned by his father-in-law in Wainstead and build a house of his own in Woodford. Flat life is difficult now that he has two cars."

Confident Mr Donegan may be, but he does not deny the fact that he is studying the comedy patter of the music-hall: he is learning and that when time is available I will probably learn to dance."

Such accomplishments, he says, would be an insurance against the remote-to-Donegan day when the bottom does fall out of his world and skiffle music becomes old hat.

ALL AT THE TOP

Meanwhile, between glances at his rag book, Lonnie Donegan bends out his skiffle music.

He has made five 78's for Nixa and all have made the Top Ten list. His latest Putting on the Style (Nixa 78) gets the most Donegan attacking treatment from the first groove to the last.

Now Mr Donegan is negotiating his third American tour.

It looks as if it will be some considerable time before we see Mr Lonnie Donegan as a music-hall patter-and-dance man, after all.

I'VE HEARD

• The elegant little voice of Noel Coward deals with 20 numbers on Noel Coward in New York (Phillips 33). Like Noel Coward in Las Vegas it has its quota of naughty (but clever) items. Best of this batch is *Why Must the Show Go On?*

• I note a considerable improvement in technique on the *Kaye Sisters'* latest, *The Rummy Pick Song* (Phillips 76).

(London Express Service).

MENON—the villain
of the Suez piece

—ACCORDING TO CONNELL

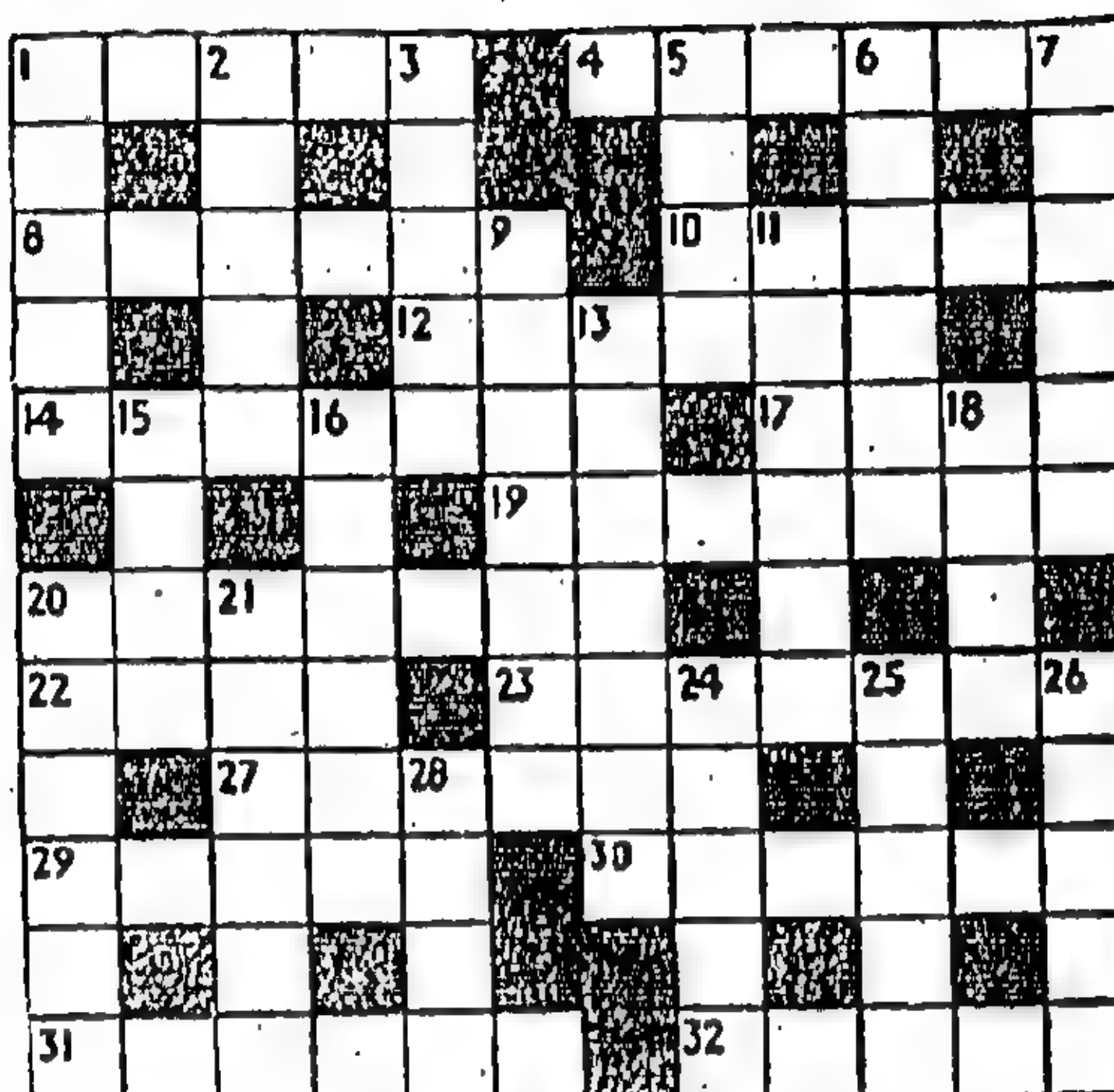
THE MOST IMPORTANT COUNTRY. By John Connell. Cassell, 16s. 240 pages.

SO many lies have been told about the Suez crisis that John Connell, in assembling the known facts and presenting them in a readable and convenient form, performs a real service.

Here is much that is already half forgotten. It should not be forgotten, and certainly not in Britain, which has nothing to be ashamed of in this record.

The Suez policy was a failure. That is its sufficient political condemnation. It is the duty of politicians to calculate correctly.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
1 Italian city (5).
4 Fit and snappy (6).
5 Walked purposefully (6).
6 It's on target (5).
7 Mixed dilemma? (6).
8 Quack remedy (7).
9 American walkout (4).
10 Ambassadors (7).
11 Angry outburst (7).
12 Plot out (6).
13 Cut off a syllable (5).
14 Gives up (6).
15 Foretaste (6).
16 Fashionable manner (6).

DOWN
1 Early birds? (5).
2 Lower point (5).
3 Lies obscenely amusing (4).
4 When day is done... (6).
5 Walks coolly (6).
6 Strive to equal (5).
7 Where's the best? (5).
8 Agreeable character-side (7).
9 It's taken in court (4).
10 Played a flute? (6).
11 Like dead wood (4).
12 How boring it is! (6).
13 Building shape (5).
14 Girls playing (5).
15 Sister in song (6).
16 Loyal and true (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Trencher, 5 Oval, 6 Treating, 11 Sentiment, 12 Stud, 13 Stretch, 15 Saturday, 19 Tsar, 21 Pockmarked, 23 Alderney, 25 Tree, 27 Assembly, Down: 1 Dowry, 2 Lawn, 4 Rare, 6 Heat, 8 Hound, 7 Rigid, 9 Tiles, 10 Enact, 12 Enact, 14 Vase, 16 Talent, 17 Husky, 19 Tharp, 20 Alder, 21 From, 22 Cell, 23 Tyre, 24 Duet.

KRISHNA MENON
Inevitable hatred.

Britain's political leaders last year under-rated the world's capacity for self-righteousness and over-rated the nerves and clear-headedness of some of their own people here at home. Suez, however, was not, at the time, considered in terms of success or failure. It was presented as a morality play staged at UNO with Britain (and to a lesser extent, France) cast for the role of villain.

Rarely in the history of mankind has there been such a universal drawing aside of skirts, some of them distinctly zipped, from any contact with the wicked, imperialistic aggressor, Britain.

by

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

Mr Sobiev, Russian spokesman at the UNO Assembly, his words dripping with Hungarian blood had the effect of making Britain's "rape of the Egyptian people." Other nations, slightly more respectable but still very spotted in record, were almost equally divorced from good sense.

Some of the more decent among them were visited by sheets of doubt. Thus Mr Cabot Lodge, American representative at UNO uttered a sudden agonised cry when he found himself in the same camp as the Russians. But he did not pause long enough to sort out the mental confusions which had brought him and others to such an embarrassing pass.

UNO had become regarded as a court of morals. Yet it was allowed to practise two ethical standards—one for the good, a lower standard for the less good—once in Suez and another in Kashmir.

The outcome was an utterly distorted situation in which the victims of lawlessness were branded as criminals, cheap adventurers donned the mantle of respectability, and Britain, led by a man who has as acute a sense of international ethics as anyone alive was practically drummed out of the society of the law-abiding.

Connell brings to the public his reminder of this sordid

travesty in a tense well-ordered narrative which does full justice to Eden, supported by the public, but struck down by illness at a moment when every physical and mental reserve was needed. Dulles is shown as a serpent and blundering, his mind a labyrinth without an exit, and Krishna Menon—if Connell has a villain it is Menon—is depicted as a figure both malignant and preposterous, a viperish wind-bag. A busy-body with an insatiable hatred of Britain.

Connell believes that the decisive factor in producing the collapse of the Suez policy was financial—the loss of the million dollars from Britain's reserves. Until the chief actors speak and Government departments give up their secrets this account should stand as a necessary record of an outbreak of international hysteria.

JAM TODAY. By Oriel Malot. Gollancz, 15s. 221 pages.

YOUTH high spirits, two English girls in Paris, artists, comic connoisseurs, the French—what more does a book need to make it readable than ingredients like these? *Jam Today* might have been a little better written, its characters a shade more original, its situations more subtly contrived. Maybe. But one cannot have everything.

TILL SEVEN. By Geoffrey Dennis. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s. 208 pages.

GEOFFREY DENNIS in his new book attempts a task which calls for exceptional dexterity and literary tact: his autobiography down to the age of seven. Dennis has a good memory. But a writer of reminiscence must select and discard as well as remember. And Dennis recalls too many things that do not bring life to his story.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Interrupters

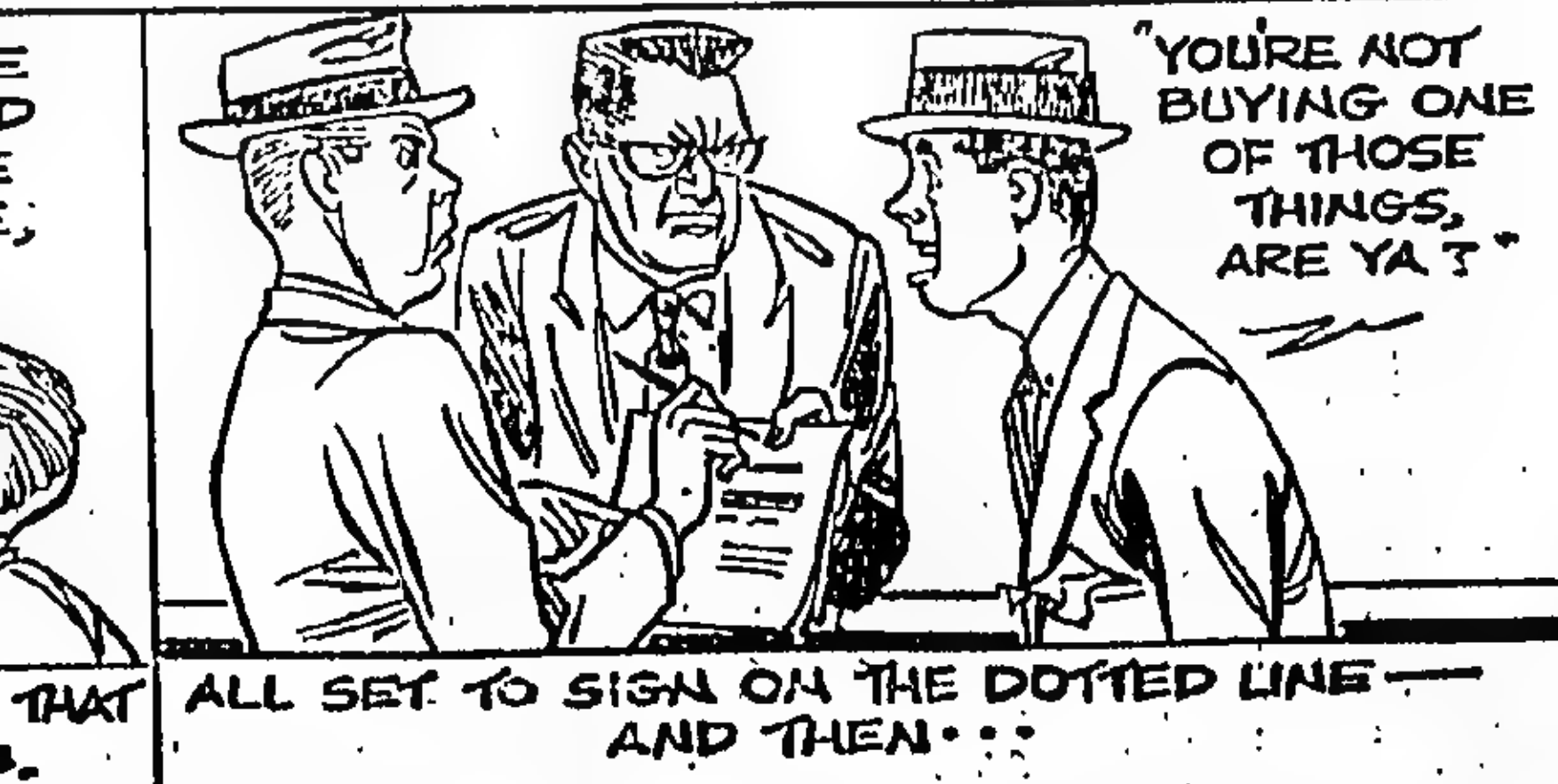
By Harry Weinert



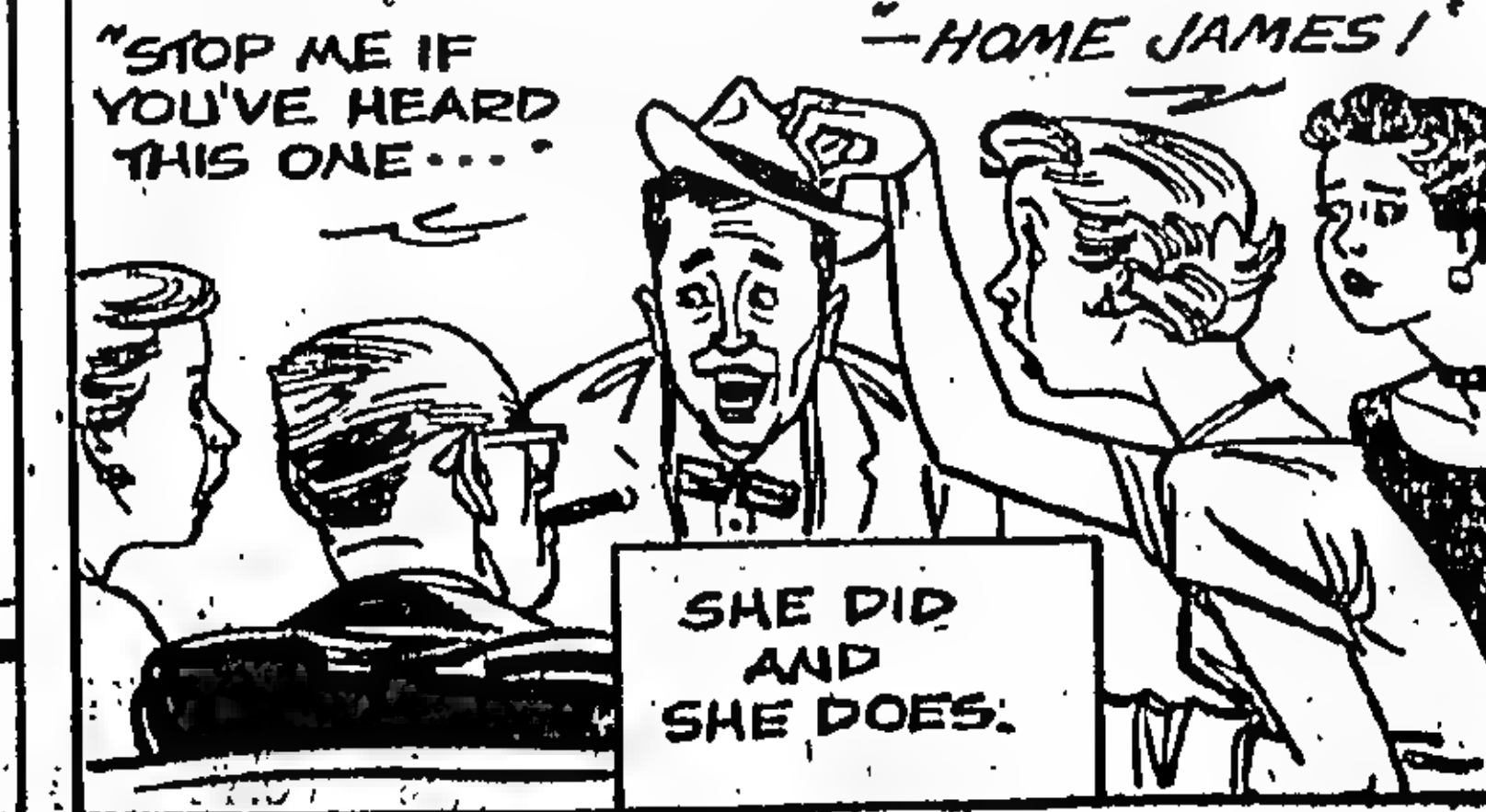
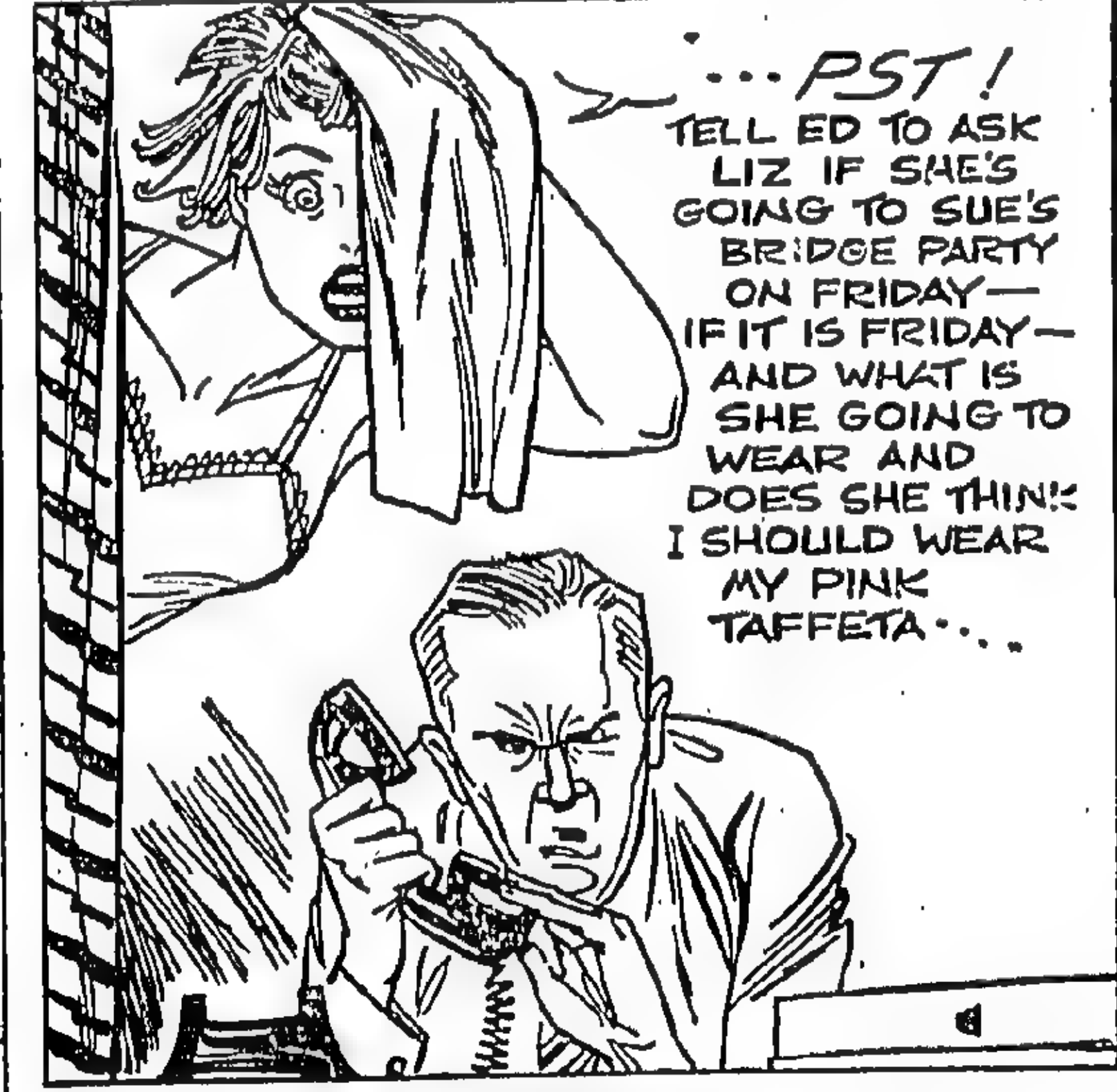
SLIGHT INTERRUPTION WHILE THE BLUE PLATE SPECIAL CONGEALS.



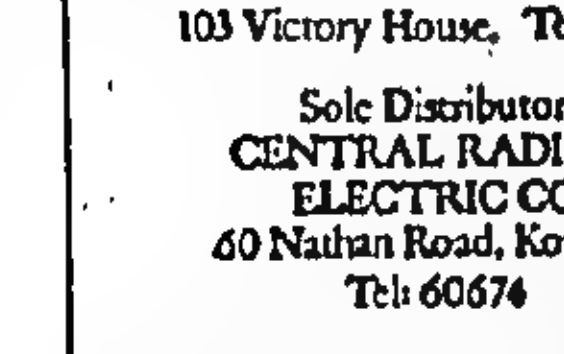
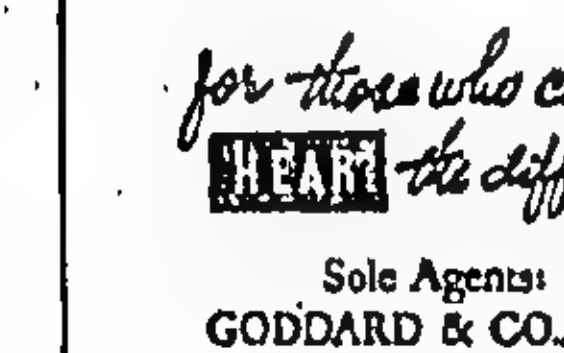
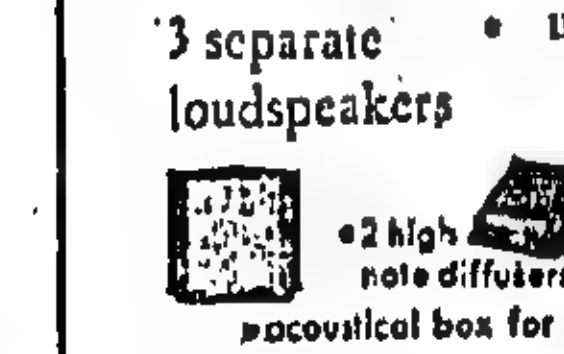
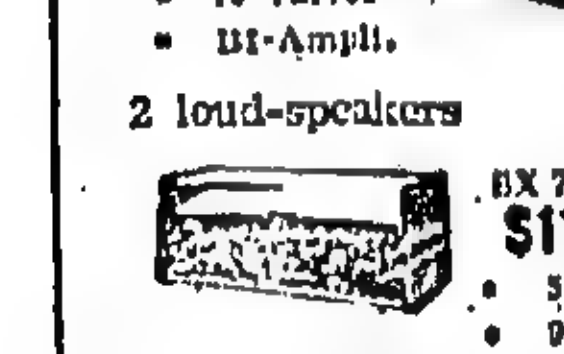
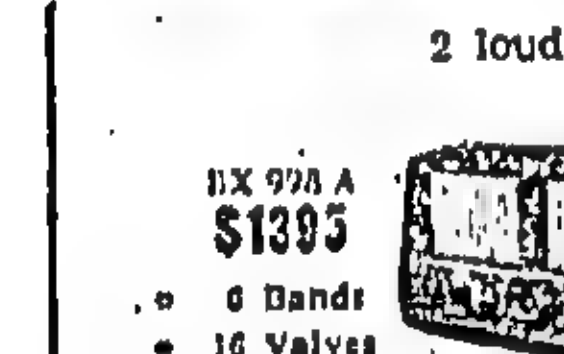
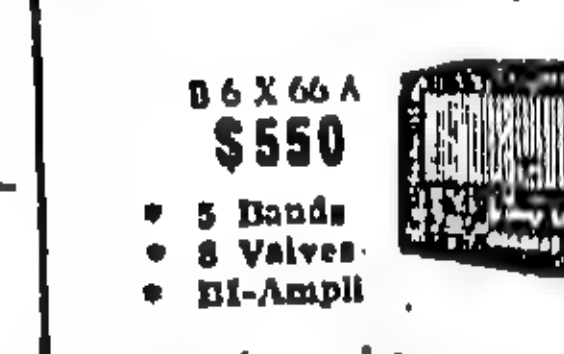
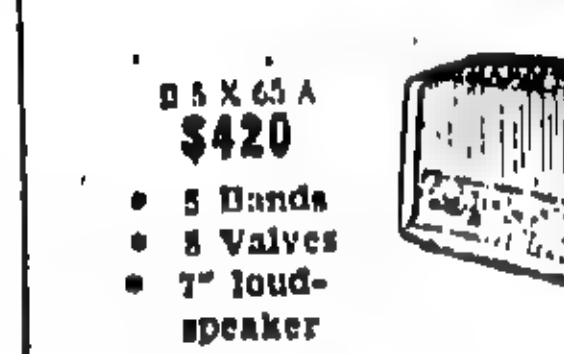
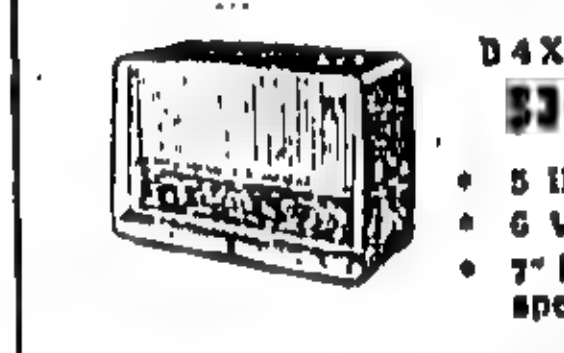
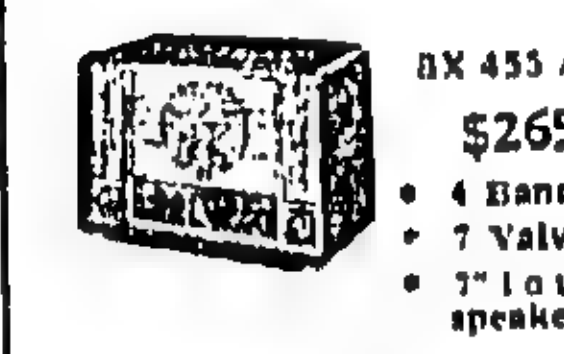
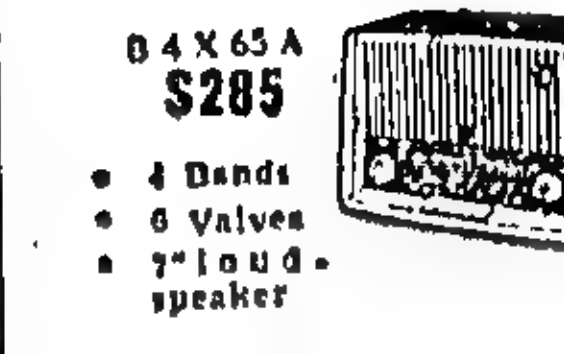
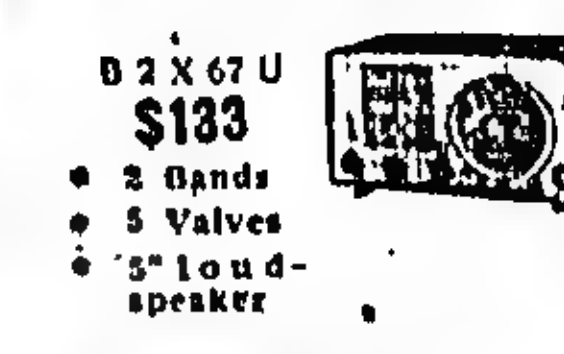
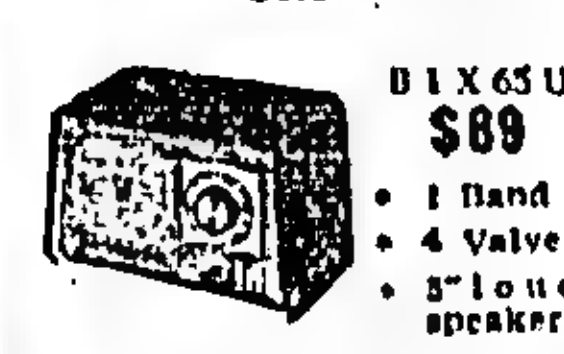
WE HAVE A SUSPICION INTERRUPTIONS THAT OCCUR ON SCHEDULE ARE A PUT-UP JOB.



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SHE DID AND SHE DOES.

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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Recital By Julius Katchen On Monday Night

On Monday at nine-thirty the world famous pianist, Julius Katchen, will be in the studio of Radio Hongkong to give his second broadcast from this station. Listeners may remember the recital by Mr Katchen at the beginning of 1955, when he made his first visit to Hongkong.

Now returning to the Colony on his second concert tour of the Far East, those who are already familiar with his brilliant playing will look forward to hearing him again over the air in the Monday Recital, when he will play "Pictures at an Exhibition" by Moussorgsky.

Those in the Army will be interested in a broadcast at ten minutes past eight this evening, when Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer will give a ten-minute talk on the reorganisation of the Army.

"Educating Archie"—Tonight at nine o'clock listeners can hear the first of a new series of the popular BBC programme, "Educating Archie," a comedy show which must be unique for the fact that the most "human" of its characters is a ventriloquist's dummy.

Once upon a time a ventriloquist had to be seen as well as heard, but Peter Brough has succeeded in creating on the air a new and completely believable character.

After breathing life into the figure of Archie, and making him into a pleasant and mischievous personality with all the endearing frailties of the human boy, he now spends his radio life getting him in and out of scrapes.

Archie's boon companions in the show include comicienne Beryl Reid and a 12-year-old London girl, who spend most of the time as Archie's girl friend.

The Golden Age of Popular Song—A new BBC series which begins tomorrow at 8.30 p.m. is a musical programme which is sure to bring back memories and start you humming for the "Golden Age of Popular Song" will bring you tunes from the years 1918 to 1930.

Most people recall nostalgically the "good old days" of their youth, irrespective of dates, as the peak period of melody. "They don't write songs like they used to," one hears them lament—evidence that every age glitters for someone, but it is true that the music of the past, sang, whistled, played, danced and listened to popular songs between the two World Wars than at any time in the history of the world. It is the music of that time that this series of eight programmes recalls.

With popular singers of today, the George Mitchell Choir, and the BBC Revue Orchestra, reliving the songs of yesterday, and with the like "Charmaine," "Sonny Boy," "Yes, we have no bananas" and the Charleston, the ballroom craze of the 20s, it is hoped that listeners of all ages will enjoy these series of "The Golden Age of Popular Song."

Wednesday Theatre—On Wednesday at 8.45 p.m. you can hear the famous Terence Rattigan play, "The Browning Version," a moving story of an ageing schoolmaster, adapted for broadcasting by Cynthia Fughe.

The play tells the story of Andrew Crocker-Harris, a brilliant classical scholar who is also given to making puns in Latin—puns at which his class no longer laughs. Obligated to retire without a pension, his lot is not made easier by his nagging and unfaithful wife, Millicent.

Well aware that he is no longer liked by his pupils, Crocker-Harris is nonetheless shocked to find himself described as "the Hammer of the Lower Fifth." Then, on the eve of his retirement one of his boys brings him a gift, Robert Browning's verse translation of a Greek Classic—the Browning Version.

Commonwealth Contribution—At nine o'clock tomorrow night Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting a feature produced by the South African Broadcasting Corporation as a Commonwealth contribution to the BBC Transcription Service.

This programme is called "Journey to Johani" and is the story of a thousand-mile journey to Johannesburg made by a young African from the swampland which is the home of the Mamba Kushi people.

Although he speaks no English, and owns little in the way of clothes or possessions, this young man is going on what for him is a great journey involving travel by barge, truck, train and aeroplane to collect for work in the gold mines of the Union of South Africa, to make his fortune and get on in the world, like thousands of others who make similar journeys every year. The programme tomorrow follows this African youth to "Johani" one of the busiest cities on the South African continent.

NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
CHUCKLE.
England v West Indies.
Five Wickets Account of the 4th Test Match at Headingley, Leeds.
8.20 MUSICAL MOMENTS.
Cor de Groot (Piano).
9.30 CHANDLER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
THE 8 O'Clock NEWS.
10.00 THE 8 O'Clock NEWS.
10.10 THE 8 O'Clock NEWS.
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Black Eyebrows (Ukrainian Folk Song).
Ukrainian Folk Song: Oh, No! Over the Fields, Volga boat song: The Little Bell: Song of the Hammer: Tipperary.
10.30 MUSIC FROM THE DON GIOVANNI—Overture (Mozart).
The London Sym. Orch., conducted by Sir John Kees.
10.40 THE 8 O'Clock NEWS.
10.50 THE 8 O'Clock NEWS.

11.00 SERVICE FROM THE B.O.L. 1st METRODIE CHURCH.
The Rev. J. E. Sandbach.
11.30 noon WELSH SONGS.
Thomas L. Thomas (Baritone) with harp and piano accompaniment.

12.15 p.m. "BETWEEN YOU AND ME."
You shall not bear false witness.
A talk by Stanley Mocked.

12.30 FAVORITES OF THE STARS.
Innamorata—Jerry Vale; Valley Valse—Jerry Vale and his Orch.; and Chorus: Learning the Blues—Rosemary Clooney; Band of Gold—Cherry (Vocal); Vito Vito—The Norman Luboff Choir; Jack of Hearts—Jean "Toots" Thiebaud; We all need Love—Vic Danne; Let it Ring—Doris Day; Spoke Hulls—Sally-Mary Robinson; The Breeze and I—The Weimers; That Girl—Mick Miller and his Orch.; Faith and his Orch.; with Chorus; Goodbye, Ah! Revival, Adios—Johnny Ray.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
1.45 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
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George Chisholm and his Swing Orchestra.
Royal Gardens Blues—Sid Phillips.
Quartet: Jerry's Mail—George Webb's Bluebirds.
Black and Blue—Mark White presents Jazz Club.
Afraid of you—George Shearing.
Berkley.
Jangle—Harry Gold and his Pieces of Eight.

5.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
Albert Sandler and the Palm Court Orchestra.
Dreaming: Beautiful Spring: Alice Blue Gown: Pomone.
Vivacious: city of my Dreams: Acclamation: Waltz: Torna a Surriento: When day is done.

5.30 TIME FOR CHILDREN.
The House at Pooh Corner.
By A. A. Milne. 4—Rabbit's Busy Day.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.02 MUSIC FOR YOU.
Eric Robinson and his Concert Orchestra with Karl Horitz (cello), Marie Gossens (harp).

6.30 FORCES EVENING SERVICE.
Conducted by the Rev. R. L. Vincent.
The Union Church, Kennedy Road.

7.00 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.15 TO LET—EPISODE 4.
A serial in eleven episodes from "The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy.

7.45 "VIRIDUS".
William Primrose (Viola).
Andante Cantabile (From "Quartet No. 1 in D, Op. 15" (Tchaikovsky) Trans. by Alexander). Caprice (Myronoff)—With David Silver (Piano); Allegretto in the Style of Boccherini (Kraemer); Adagio (Bach)—Primrose; Tambourin (Bach)—Primrose; With Joseph Kahn (Piano).

7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.02 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SEVENAGE FROM ITALY.
8.30 BUILDING AGE OF POPULAR SONG.
Written and produced by Charles Chilton.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL, "JOURNEY TO JOHANI".
By Henry Howell.
Produced by the South African Broadcasting Corporation.

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10.30 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, MUSIC AT THE VICTORIA.
The Vienna Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner.

"Maurice Strakosky" K.V. 477 (Mozart).
"Eine Kleine Feiernacht" K.V. 625 (Mozart).
With Rudolf Christ (tenor), Erich Maltke (Tenor) and Vienna Chamber Choir.
11.20 THE EPHEMEROID.
Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Bible: The Epistle of St John's College, Cambridge.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, OPENING MARCH.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP OF THE MORNING.
7.30 WEATHER REPORT.
7.45 NEWS SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
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Piano Sonata No. 14, in C Sharp Minor, Op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight") (Beethoven).
Preludium and Allegro (Fugue)—Bach.
Trio (Schubert).
No. 15, No. 7 (Schubert).
Meditation ("Thais") (Messiaen).

7.00 CUCKOO TIME.
The Frederic Strongs and Orchestra.
Long ago and far away: My Moonlight Rhapsody: A Star will come: Twilight Hour: For Dreamers only: Love is a Rose: Joanne: I am a Heart: Mary: Slippers.
7.30 TALKING ABOUT BOOKS.
"Hill for the Mind" by William Somerset Maugham.

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Sports Diary

TODAY

Lawn Bowls

Div. 1: HKGC v. Recreation; Talkoo v. HKCC; IRC "Blue" v. KDC; CCC v. IRC "Gold".

Div. 2: PNC v. Recreation; HKFC v. KCC; USRC v. KCC "Blue" v. CCC; HKCC v. FC "Red".

Div. 3: HKGC v. HKCC; Stanley v. PNC; IRC v. HKFC; KCC v. Recreation; HKFC v. HKPSA.

Ladies League, Div. 2: USRC v. CCC.

Admiral Open Triples at KCC and KDC.

Softball

Beginners League opening day 2.30 p.m.

Cricket

Fourth Test, third day, England v. West Indies at Leeds.

TOMORROW

Lawn Bowls

Ladies' Open Triples at HKGC and HKCC.

Third Round of Open Rinks competition at HKCC, KCC, HKGC and Recreation.

trim and THIN

by



First in fashion! Pioneer's lighter-looking, cooler-looking ball style—a trim, thin line to circle your slacks in color, but this ball in your wardrobe today!

Grant's

SCOTCH WHISKY

In Scotland the most popular whisky is...



SO MUCH EFFORT

I have said it before, and I say it again now that many clear thinking people are beginning to wonder what is so im-

NO EASING UP IN THE ENDEAVOURS OF THE SCHEMERS

AGM Of HKFA May Be An Occasion Of The Greatest Significance

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

In a few days' time the Hongkong Football Association will hold its Annual General Meeting. On the surface this looks to be no more than the regular yearly ritual we have come to know so well.... but in actual fact it may well turn out to be an occasion of the greatest significance. It could be the first subtle step in the process of re-fashioning Colony football.... even if some of those who will be present are partially or wholly unaware of the full import of the changing situation.

Weeks ago I told you about the blatant campaigning which was going on to ensure that this or that person would be elected to a vital position in the new hierarchy.

Since then there has been no easing up in the endeavours of the schemers and counter-schemers and it will be most interesting to watch the actual proceedings of the AGM when it takes place.

In recent years we have become used to the "cut-throat" competition for the position of Chairman.... but this year we have also been treated to the much less savoury spectacle of plotting in connection with the Presidency of the Football Association.

This latest performance is virtually without precedent.... or so I am assured by those who have a much longer connection with Colony soccer than I.... but my own opinion is that much of what is now happening could almost certainly have been avoided.

A GREAT SERVICE

The current President is a gentleman of the highest integrity.... Down through the years he has done a great service to Hongkong sport.... He has done it with the profound understanding that is the hallmark of the true sportsman.... and to many far removed from our community the name of Mr. W. S. T. Louie stands for all that is best in Hongkong sport.

In spite of this he has been identified by name in both the English and Chinese language press in connection with alleged irregularities of the amateur code, particularly by members of the KMB team.

I am not an accuser and neither am I a judge or jury in deciding the wrongs or the rights of the allegations. I leave it to future events to provide a satisfactory answer.... but I willingly go on record now as saying that if anything happens in the immediate future to

cause embarrassment to the President of the Association then the FA itself must accept the major share of the blame. The minor onus is laid openly on the KMB doorstep.

By reason of his high office it was neither appropriate nor proper for Mr. Louie to answer his accusers.... but it was a challenge the Football Association should have accepted immediately.... and pursued to the bitter end. It was a situation the KMB club should have fought tooth and nail to destroy. The truth of the matter is the FA did nothing calculated to free its President from even a lingering breath of suspicion.... and the KMB's rather feeble and belated action was to table a letter of denial at the regular Council meeting of the FA.

It is not surprising therefore that the letters to the press have continued.... and it is not surprising that Mr. Louie is still being challenged openly in connection with alleged irregularities involving Colony players.... but it is surprising that even on its tottering legs the outgoing Council did not make a positive effort to still once and for all the allegations which still lash its President.

SOCIAL HONOUR

When a prominent personage accepts an office such as that of President of the Hongkong Football Association he expects not only the official and social honour which his position gives him.... but he also expects.... as he has every reason to do.... the unwavering bullock support of his management officials.

How disappointed Mr. Louie must be.... even if he is too much of a gentleman to admit it.

Whatever happens to the office of President there is no doubt the election of the new Chairman will be watched with special interest.... and here and there with an outsize tongue in a well pushed out cheek.

To a great extent the business and administrative efficiency of an organization like the Football Association is directly related to the acumen of its Chairman. There are some eloquent examples of both good and bad chairmanship in the world of sport.... but there is not the slightest doubt that in the months ahead the FA would benefit greatly from having a forceful and dominating personality at the helm of its affairs.... any weakness or biased control could so very easily lead to serious trouble.

Several well planted red herrings have of course been drawn across the pre-AGM path and the names of several well known sportsmen have been pushed into the picture as possible chairmanship candidates although they have either expressed quite openly their unwillingness to give the matter a second thought.... or have never even been approached and asked their views on the matter.

Such tactics are intended only to confuse the general issue although no doubt there are some who will not realise that until it is too late.... but one well-known local "character" stated quite confidently this week that he was willing to wager a substantial amount that not only could he name the person who would eventually fill the Chair but he would also name the possible candidates who might be proposed as opponents.

There is plenty of work ahead for the incoming officials and there are several outstanding problems which may have to be tackled. One of these—the chronic allegations of shambles—may have to be tackled by those who think or apparently desire. That, however, is another story and I leave it to smoulder for the present.... but it is very much a smoke and fire tale.

I believe that one of the most important domestic issues which should be tackled immediately is an investigation of ways and means of narrowing the gap in standards between the First and the Second Divisions of the League.

It is true that some of the stuff dished up by last season's seniors was frequently as "luscious" as could be.... but with a few notable exceptions the normal standard of soccer played in the Second and lower divisions was absolutely rock bottom.... not only in execution but also in conception.

Similarly something must be done to fashion the Reserve Division into an attractive and worthwhile competition and this should be done even if it means making a sacrifice to the condition of holding First Division status. The present suspicion is that, rather than run an official reserve side, some of the First Division clubs are "exercising their favours" on junior sides competing in the minor leagues.

CLAIM RETURNED

I am glad to say that there is now little prospect of the incoming Councilmen having to handle claims for damage to grounds as happened to their predecessors last season. As I never tried to hide my views on the claim raised by the Police I am obliged to report that the full amount of the claim was eventually—and wisely—returned to the FA. This gesture won general approval.... and saved the Association the possible embarrassment of having to meet very much heavier claims—legitimate and justified—from other clubs.

These are not by any means the only problems on the 1957-58 slate and no doubt there will be new ones as the season gets under way. With memories of the "Sunderland Case" and recent exposure in Germany still vividly with them our legislators will not lack international precedent as to the thoroughness with which soccer business, however unsavoury, can be carried out provided the unqualified good of the game is the sole purpose of all deliberations.

We shall watch the proceedings of the Annual General Meeting.... and the aftermath.... with close interest.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



NEW UK SOCCER SEASON

FINANCIAL DISASTER, NOT PROSPERITY IN STORE FOR THIRD DIVISION OUTFITS

Says DAVID JACK

Just a few weeks to go to the new football season—yes, the cricket, tennis, athletics and golf enthusiasts have almost come to the end of their brief sabbatical, and already I can anticipate the optimistic pre-season forecasts of those indefatigable characters, the League club managers.

"Look for a big improvement from my finds this season." "It'll take a good team to finish above us in the League." "My five-year plan should pay off this season." "We may not win the Cup and the League, but we're bound to get one of them."

Optimism from all sides—even though it must be palpably obvious to many of these forecasters that they are faced with their customary nine months' struggle to avoid relegation, their habitual odds from the FA Cup in the first round, and their constant struggle to make a weekly income of £500 balance a weekly expense account of £700.

Such things are normal—but there are bigger headaches awaiting the 48 members of the Third Division this season. The moment of truth has arrived; they are about to embark on an adventure which many of them blithely believe will bring a new era of prosperity to the distressed regions of the Football League.

It's time they stopped kidding themselves because—make no mistake—there is financial disaster not prosperity in store for many of these Third Division outfits.

Season 1957-58 will see the end of regional classification of the Third Division. In 1958-59, the League will be made up of four divisions, with every club in those divisions playing matches on a national scale. My verdict on the new set-up is that it looks like the smoothest confidence trick ever perpetrated on a collection of intelligent businessmen.

POVERTY

Even now, with travelling and hotel expenses confined to half the country, not more than a dozen Third Division clubs are able to pay their way on gate receipts.

The remaining 36 make no attempt to hide their poverty. Indeed, having mixed with their directors, managers, and secretaries for more years than I care to remember, I am left with the impression that they actually enjoy publicising their misdeeds.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE TRAVELLING AND HOTEL BILLS ARE DOUBLED? PROSPERITY? NO. ANNIHILATION FOR MANY OF THESE CLUBS.

IMAGINE IT!

The Football League claim that national Third Divisions will bring new faces to club grounds, and the novelty will cause an increase in attendance. Does anyone seriously believe that?

Imagine thousands of soccer-mad Gateshead supporters streaming over the Tyne Bridge to Redheugh Park to watch.... Aldershot! Just picture the fishermen of Brighton deserting their nets and hotfooting it to Plainmoor for the match of the season.... Torquay United v. Barrow!

If you'll fall for that you'll fall for anything. But the Third Division have fallen, and the amazing thing about it all is that this catastrophe has not been imposed upon them—it was actually sponsored by a majority, albeit a bare one, of Third Division clubs.

THE BAIT

When the inquiries are held in a few years' time, as they must

surely be held, the verdict on this sorry business will not be murder, committed by the stronger clubs, but soccer suicide by the sufferers themselves.

Why have they accepted—even run to meet—their dismal destiny? The bait dangled by the League Management Committee was two up, two down promotion and relegation in all four divisions. It caught the frustrated fish, but before long many will regret this ill-advised venture into "prosperity."

Once the first glimmer of curiosity has been appeased, gates in the Third Division will return to normal, and the "normal" figure for some of these clubs is somewhere between 3,000 and 6,000.

Attendances like these are already responsible for countless "Save Our Soccer" pleas and, coupled with doubled expenditure, they must surely cause the real struggles to give up trying and retire from League Soccer.

SETBACK

There are plenty of people who would not regard that as a bad thing, including some footballing legislators who have been agitating for national Third and Fourth Divisions for years. Indeed, the unbetter might regard the new League set-up as a rather subtle method of doing away with the clubs nobody really wants.

With re-election almost automatic the League bosses are, at present, powerless to

dismiss the poor relation, from their competition. Now they can sit back and wait for the resignations which will inevitably accompany bankruptcy.

VACANCIES

The more one examines the idea of national Third and Fourth Divisions, the more obvious it becomes that, within a few years, there will be vacancies for new members of the Football League.

This means that progressive non-League clubs like Peterborough United are going to get their opportunity to sample League Soccer. In fact, after the annual League meeting in June, George Swindin, Peterborough manager, told me: "The new system must kill some clubs, and that means our chances of League status are brighter than ever."

JUST TWO

Fair enough.... but how many non-League clubs like Peterborough have the resources to compete in a national competition? Wigan, perhaps, but I cannot name one other.

And apart from Norwich City, Millwall, Bury and a handful of others, even those already established in the Football League are in for a terrible struggle.

Let's hope they don't cry for help. Self-inflicted hardship will bring very few sympathisers.

IBBOTSON WARNED HE MAY BE CRIPPLED

By JOHN ROSS

Derek Ibbotson, the fastest miler in the world, has been warned that he may be crippled with arthritis if he does not get specialist attention for his right leg.

He was told to give up tennis and golf to save his leg, which caused him to limp to victory in a two-mile race at Haphburn, Co. Durham, last Saturday, the day after his record 3 min. 57.2 sec. mile. The warnings were given by Norman Smith, trainer of Newcastle United, and one of soccer's top physiotherapists.

Ibbotson said: "You are the second person to warn me about my right leg. The late Mick May, a physical therapist to the AAA, said the same thing some time ago. I shall see a specialist as soon as I can get a break from running."

TWO YEARS AGO

I had arranged the appointment with Mr. Smith. The man who ran the 3 min. 57.2 sec. mile last week told me his leg was stiff.

He wanted treatment before leaving for Berwick, where he ran last Monday.

His trouble stems from two blisters in the big toe, which were never properly soled and a dent in the knee-cap—all soccer injuries received about two years ago. They are causing synovitis.

Ibbotson has run 38 races since May 1.

After running at Berwick, he ran again at Manchester on Wednesday.

This coming Monday he is to run against Ron Delany at Dublin.

THE BIG DATE

His big date is against Vladimir Kuts in the Great Britain-Russia match at the White City on August 23-24.

"I'll go after a world record that day. Which one, I don't know, as I want to hold the world records for the mile, two-mile, and three-mile."

He will not run in the Emsley Carr mile at the White City on Monday, August 5.

"I am going for a two-mile world record that day and I shall have run in the three-mile at the same meeting," he said.

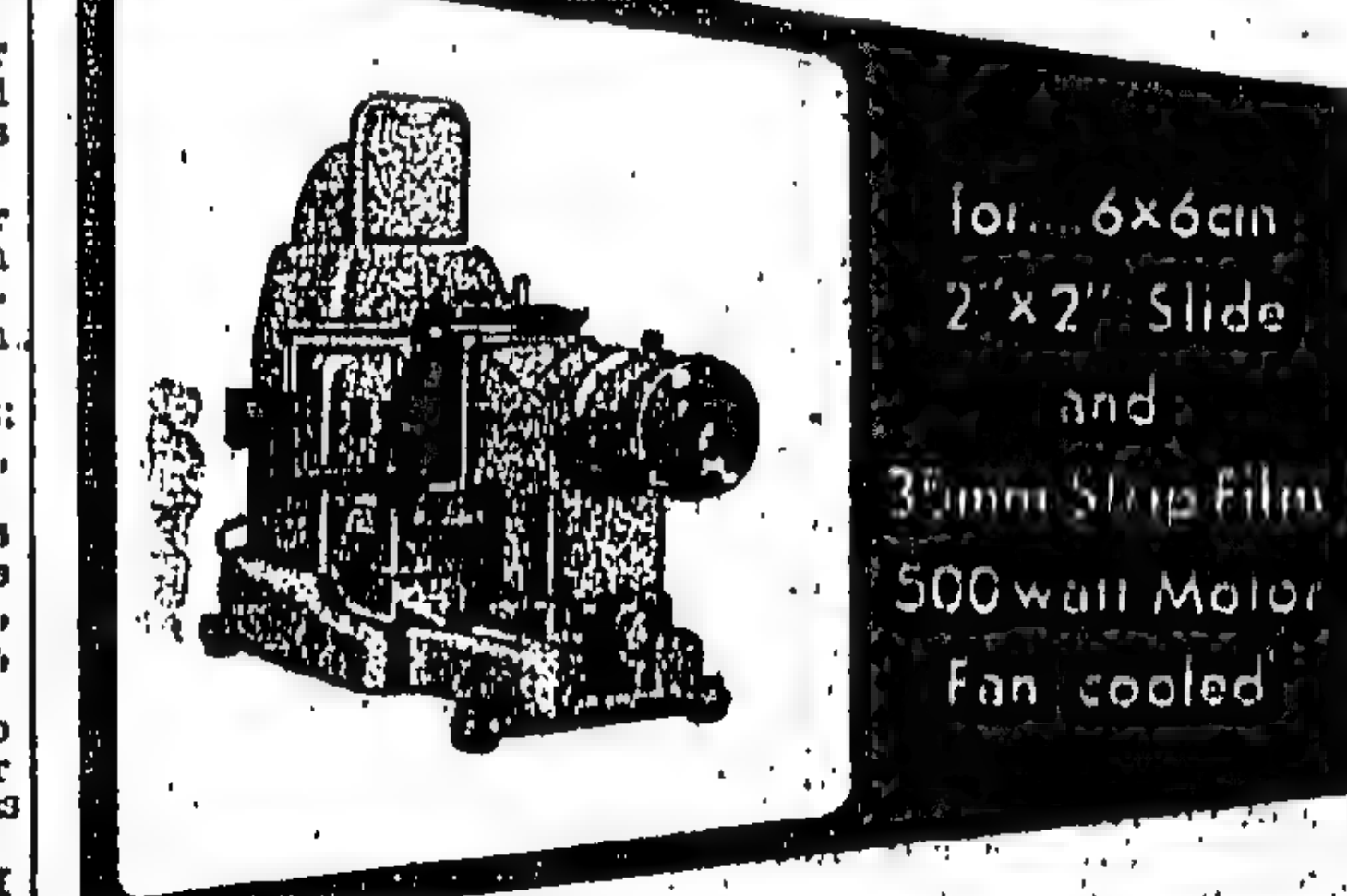
SPORTS QUIZ

1. Only one bowler has ever taken more than 4,000 wickets. Was he Larwood, O'Reilly or Rhodes?
2. When did a country, other than the United States and Australia, last win the Davis Cup?
3. In what game does one pair of players use a red and a yellow ball and the opposing pair use a blue and a black ball?
4. Who is the odd man out: Loues, Zatopek, Miloun, Zabin and Dorande.
5. Pair these christian names and surnames of tennis stars: Patty, Donald, Frank, Budge, Parker, Budge, Candy, Donald.
6. Who died in an attempt to break the world's water speed record on Loch Ness in 1955?
7. When did King George VI play in the men's doubles of Wimbledon? And who was his partner?
8. Who was the famous sportsman portrayed by Burt Lancaster in the film "Man of Bronze"?
9. Which country had a Test cricketer called Moses?
10. Only one woman has ever won four gold medals at one Olympic Games. Who is she? (Answers See Page 17)

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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

By Archie Quick

Eddie Firmani started the one-way trek when he left Charlton Athletic and went to play for the Genoa club Sampdoria. South African born but of Italian antecedents he pocketed a lot of money, and became Italy's World Cup centre-forward. John Charles has no Roman background, Wales, as the cost in the Rhonda he, but £10,000 was his for the taking, and he has made good with a capital of goals on the Scandinavian tour of his Milan club. Juventus. On the manager's side Jiggs Carter has vacillated between Milan, Rome, and Turin as well as a spell with Coventry City, and the ex-Blackburn Rover has the right idea—he moves on to his next club when his own side are on top of the world, and incidentally gets the reward of a fat "transfer" fee. Very rich man Jiggs, and when I saw him on a lightning visit to England recently he told me he was on the move again—this time from Roma Football Club to another "up north".

Not to be outdone Bill Dodgin left England, home and beauty to climb aboard the Latin bandwagon, and the former manager of Southampton, Fulham and Brentford is with Firmani in Genoa. Now that Cockney of Cockneys from Edmonton, Tony Marcini, has discovered that the tools of his ice-cream selling father's line were in Italy, and he has Tottenham Hotspur are all set to receive £7,000 and £35,000 respectively for the highly prized services of this wing-half.

HAPPILY MARRIED

The Army made the bride of difference to Marcell. When he entered it as an eighteen-year-old he was typical of the hundred of youngsters from the North London area. Untidily dressed, long haired, he slouched to his job at White Hart Lane. In khaki he found himself; the transformation was remarkable. He seemed to like the life, got a lance-corporal's stripes, and thrived on responsibility so much that he was appointed captain of the British Army representative side. He is a sliver of Spurs, too, these days, and on the verge of the full international side after serving his apprenticeship through the Schoolboy, Youth, Under 23 and "B" teams. Nowadays he is happily married, dapper-dressed; gone is the long hair over his collar and he walks with a swinging stride, legacy of his National Service days. They are hunting through Somerset House birth records to trace the Italian side of his parentage, and it could be the next time he kicks a ball in Britain it will be for Italy against Northern Ireland in Belfast in the World Cup competition next season. Playing, of course, against present team mate Danny Blanchflower.

Milers' Count

On the statistical side of running the mile in 1957 — only seven men this year have run the distance under four minutes. Only one to have done it twice this year was Derek Ibbotson, who also ran the fastest one — 3 minutes 57.2 seconds. Four men this year missed the four-minute mile by a second or less. Four ran the mile in under four minutes in one race, five on the same day. So far 24 milers in 1957 have run the distance in 4 minutes 5 seconds or faster. Sydney Wooderson's best ever would have ranked him 21st in the world in 1957.

BEGINNING THE STORY OF STANLEY MATTHEWS—THE MIDDLE-AGED MIRACLE MAN OF THE SOCCER WORLD

By TREVOR HILTON

You may be in Russia, or South America, or Australia, or the United States, or anywhere in Europe, the Middle or Far East, or India. You may, in fact, be in Timbuctoo. It matters not, because wherever you are there are two words which will be immediately recognised.

"Stanley Matthews"—a living legend, universally accepted as the greatest footballer of all time.

He is variously known as the Wizard of Dribble, the Maestro, the Wonder Winger, the Soccer Sorcerer and a dozen other superlative tags.

To me all are unnecessary. He is Stanley Matthews, and that name implies every superlative you can think of when it comes to describing all that is best in soccer and the man who is the complete master of all its arts and crafts.

For 25 years now, Stanley has been delighting crowds not only in Britain but all over the world, and today he is still the biggest single draw in football; and from the way he is going on it seems we could have the 50th fortune and privilege of watching him for many years to come.

For I think it can truthfully be stated, incredible though it may seem, that Stan, like a vintage wine, improves with age. Certainly when you watch him ceding his way through a defence, and baffling the best defenders in the world it is hard to realise that he is 42 and is still making youngsters half his age look ancient by comparison.

And yet, during all these years, I have not known Stanley the man to vary in any degree. His play has of course matured; his technique has improved all the time, as has his ability to pace a game, and he seems to be constantly adding to his defence—bambinoing—repertoire. But Stanley the man has not changed at all, although outwardly his years may be showing in his hair that is thinning and going grey at the temples.

MONUMENTAL MODESTY

The keynote to Stanley Matthews the man is his monumental modesty. Not false modesty, but the genuine modesty of a man who enjoys what he is doing, gives everything he has to it, and is pleased when he is successful. And, contrary to popular belief, Stan is not shy; modest, quiet-spoken and shunning the limelight to a great extent, but not shy.

Neither is he reticent about airing his views—particularly on the question of footballers' playing and working conditions. He firmly believes that players should have a better deal and is an enthusiastic supporter of the Players' Union. And don't think he is only interested in seeing the maximum wage removed—for if this were done he would certainly become the highest paid footballer in England straight away; no, he is genuinely eager to see every player getting a better deal.

Allied to his modesty, there is a thoughtfulness in his make-up; a quality all too common in this blow-you-Jack-I'm-alright days.

I can illustrate this very simply. Some time ago I spent a week in Blackpool with the specific intention of preparing an illustrated profile on Matthews. As always he was courteous and co-operative; but when I told him we wanted

some pictures of him in training, demonstrating just what he did, as a clue to the way he keeps fit, he demurred and suggested that we should include the rest of the Blackpool players in the pictures.

TEAM SPIRIT

He felt it was bad for team spirit that in their presence we should concentrate solely on him; he pointed out that he was merely a unit—what a unit—in the team and that, any success he had was due to his colleagues. I pointed out that this time we wanted to do a profile on Matthews only, not on Blackpool as well. Stanley saw our point but was clearly unhappy until he countered with a suggestion.

Would we mind getting up fairly early, he asked, because if we could, he would happily come to the ground by himself before the other players had arrived and then we could take whatever pictures we wanted. This way he felt it would be fairer to his teammates.

Of course we agreed—but I wonder how many other stars would not only be so thoughtful of their colleagues' feelings, but also so generous with their time.

To describe Matthews in training is practically impossible. He has his own methods, and Blackpool manager Joe Smith never interferes. In any way, he knows that Stan knows what he is doing and he has implicit faith in his judgment. He is one player a manager never has to worry about. If Stanley is unfit, or feels that he is not quite up to the standard which shows him at his best, then he

says so, and Joe Smith never has any cause to doubt his assessment.

Stan Matthews is literally always in training for twelve months in the year; he looks after his body with the thoroughness and care that a skilled engineer devotes to an intricate piece of machinery. He trains with a thoroughness, determination and enthusiasm that would shame the majority of his juniors and inferiors. One reason why they are his inferiors.

I remember once going along to watch the England team preparing for an international match; on this day a composite team drawn from London clubs were to provide the opposition for a full-scale practice match. When I arrived in the club house I heard the noise of a shower being used and I said with some surprise to England's team-manager, Walter Winterbottom: "What goes on, have you finished already?"

Walter grinned and answered: "That's Stan."

A COLD SHOWER

Before going out to play Matthews takes a cold shower which stimulates his muscles and circulation, and so he is supple when he starts playing; he does not have to warm up on the field, where a sudden burst early on in the game could easily jar his muscles. If they were slightly stiff, and before his circulation had begun to flow freely.

It is this care and concentration which have helped to keep him on top for so long. Tennis is his other love and he plays continuously on the court in the garden of his Blackpool villa,

chiefly with his daughter Jean, now approaching Wimbledon standard, and his son Stanley Junior.

And just as when he was a small boy he practised dribbling around cricket stumps for hours on end, so in these later years he spends many hours playing in the garden with a tennis ball with his son, and to watch him conjuring with the ball is to see yet another indication of his superlative skill, and to realise why it does not tarnish with the years.

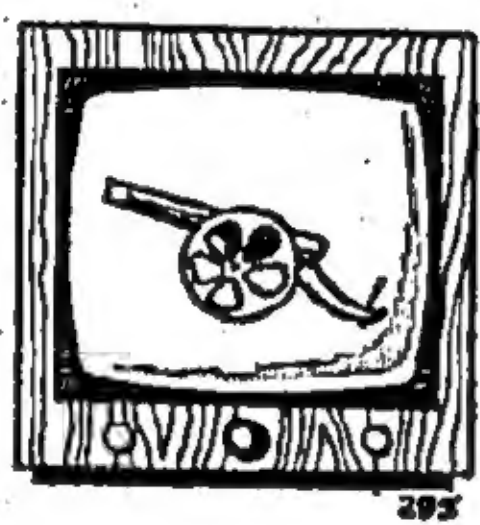
LONG WAY OFF

This, then, is the creed of the man who has worn an England shirt 77 times—so far—and has been honoured with the CBE by the Queen—the first playing professional footballer to figure in the Honours List. A man who almost certainly will be honoured by the world when he retires—which would appear to be a long way off yet—for don't forget that the old Welsh international Billy Meredith played outside right for Manchester in a semi-final at the age of 60.

This is the man who has never had a foul given against him, and who has never protested against the highly imaginative—but still fallible—referee's decisions ranging from strict-pulling to rugby tackles which have been used in an effort to stop him.

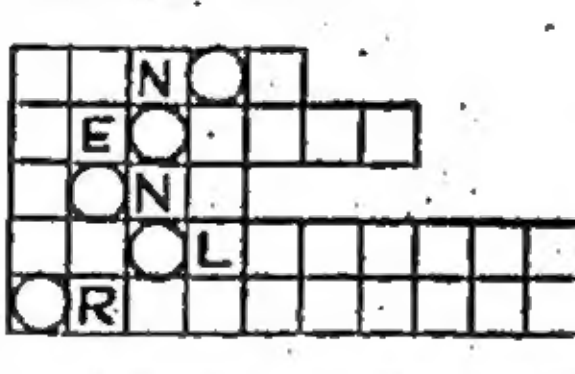
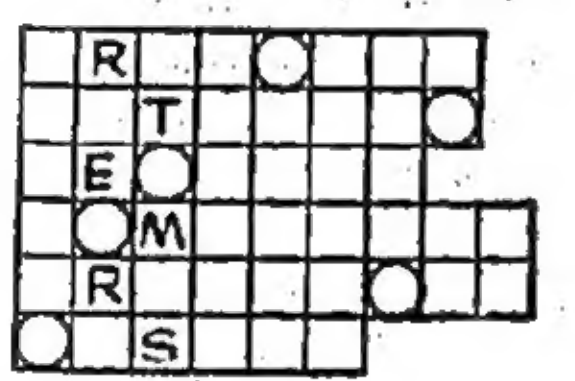
On the field that poker face never changes in success or failure. Off the field, he has a warm and ready smile which transfigures him and reveals him as he is—kind, warmhearted, possessor of a dry wit—and highly intelligent.

Next Article: Memorialising the opposition.



NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



- 1 This survey
- 2 Stuff
- 3 Protection
- 4 Weapons
- 5 Guns
- 6 Intention
- 7 Petrol ones?
- 8 European state
- 9 To be stuck to
- 10 Fireworks for instance
- 11 A shell is

Solution on Back Page

BE SPECIFIC fly CATHAY PACIFIC



Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Wilfred Rhodes.
2. 1936, Britain.
3. Croquet.
4. Dorando. All the others have won the Olympic Marathon.
5. Budge Patti, Donald Budge, Donald Candy, Frank Parker.
6. John Rhodes Cobb.
7. 1926. Commander Louis Greig.
8. Jim Thorpe, American baseball and football star.
9. Australia. Mr. H. Messers was a late 19th century Test cricketer.
10. Fanny Blankers-Koen in 1948.

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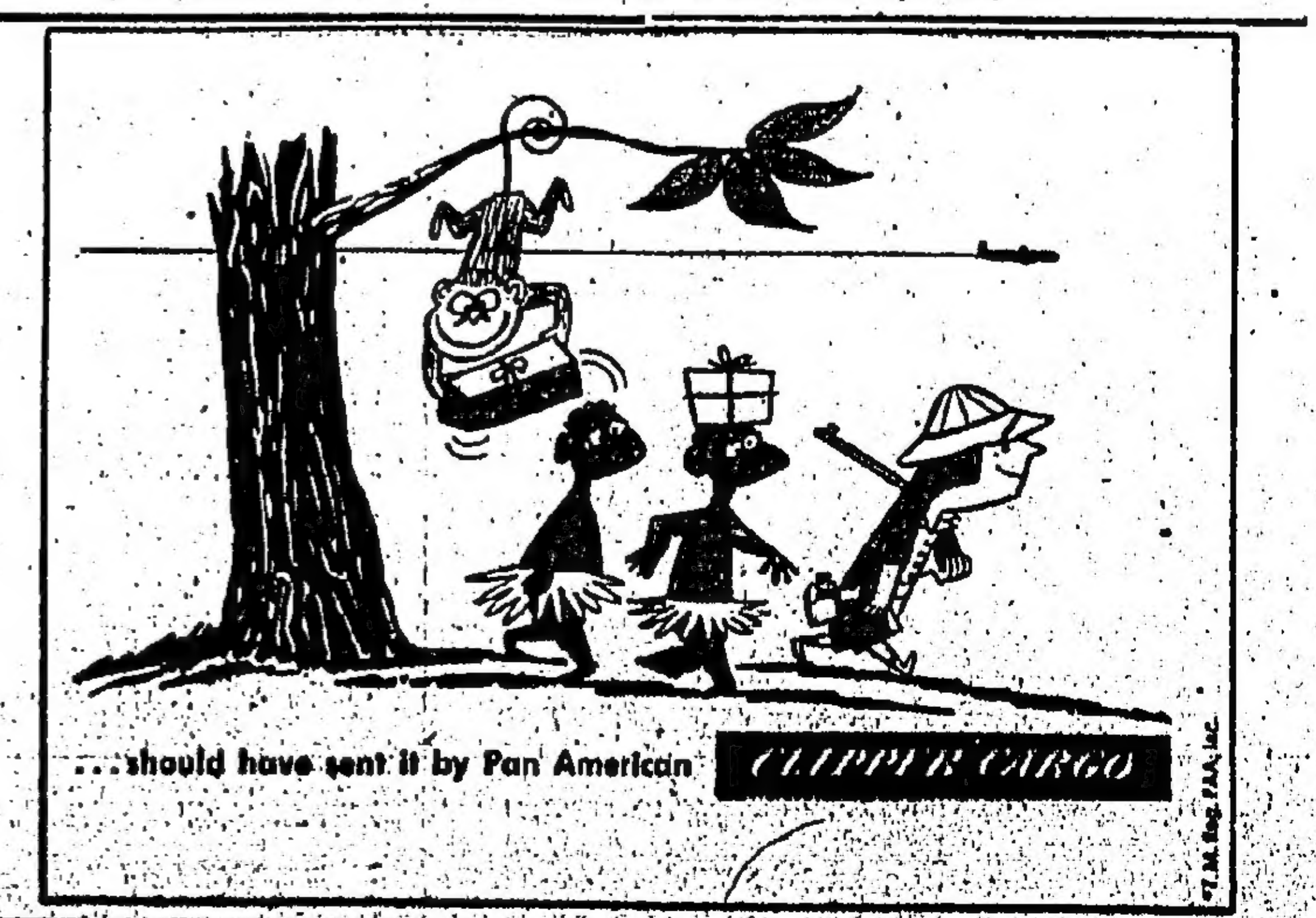
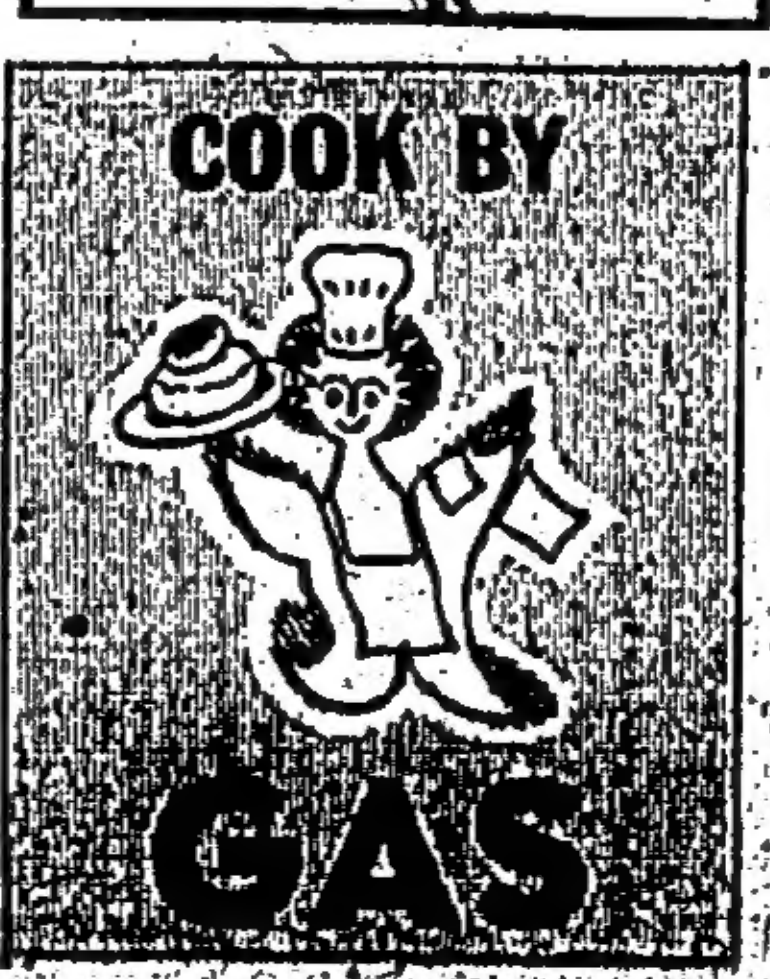
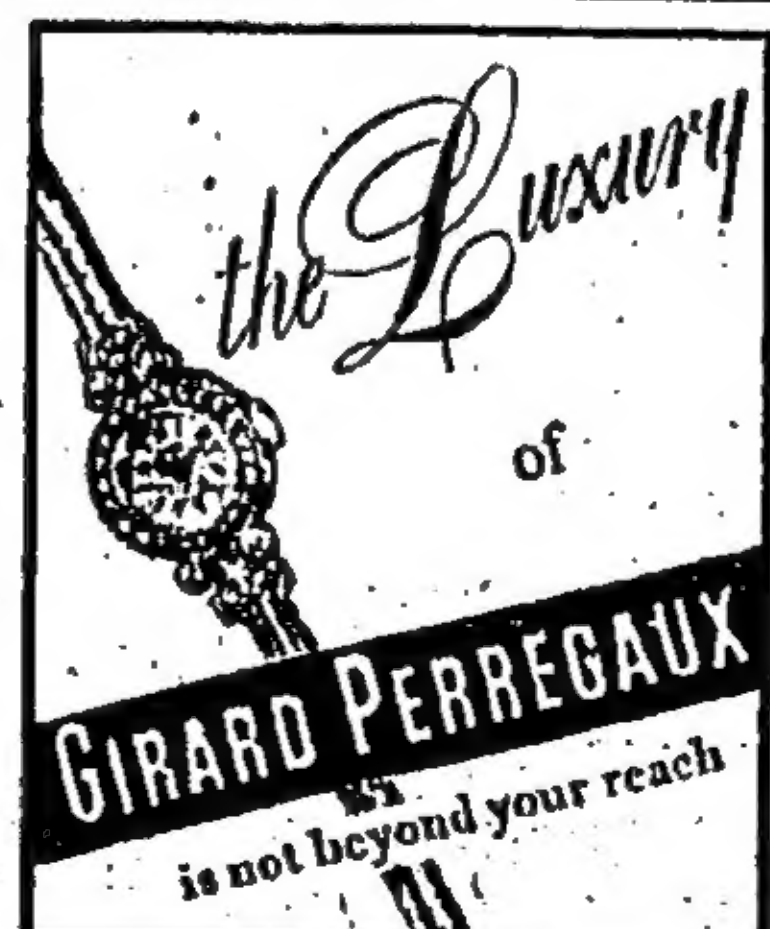
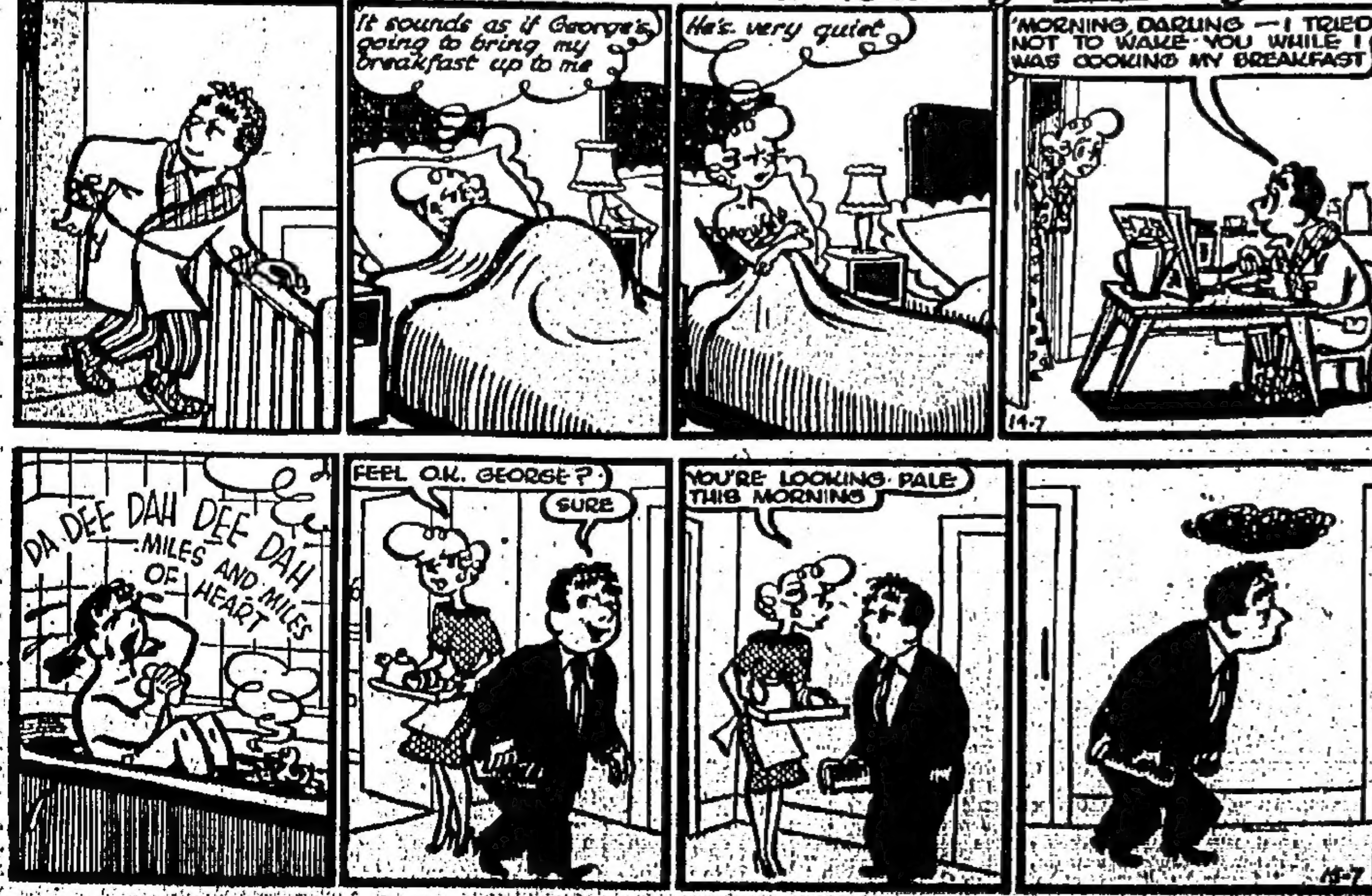


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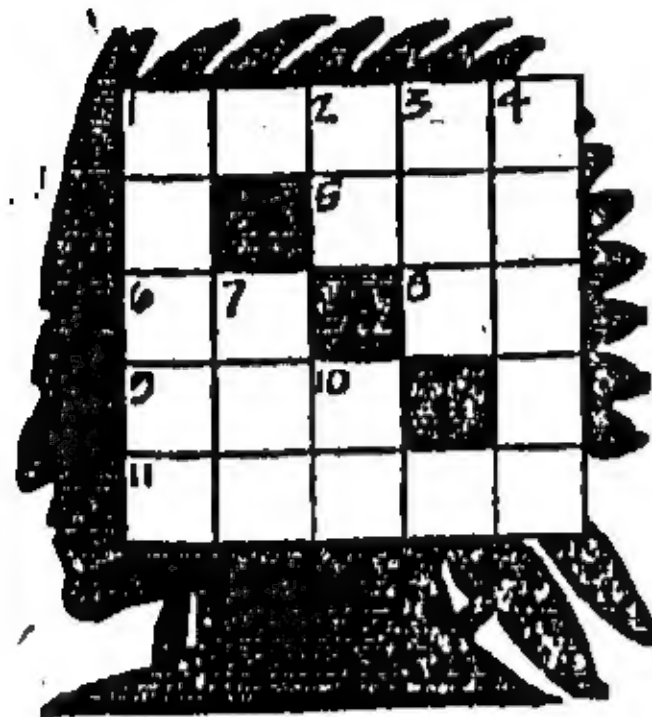
★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

The Puzzlemaster had Cartoonist Cal place his crossword puzzle on the silhouette of an Indian chief's head to dress it up:



ACROSS

- The — were an Iroquoian tribe.
- Capuchin monkey
- Pronoun
- Toward
- Age
- Be at ease

DOWN

- Boy's name
- Exists
- Dine
- The — fought against General Custer
- Before
- Boy's nickname

INDIANS IN AMBUSH

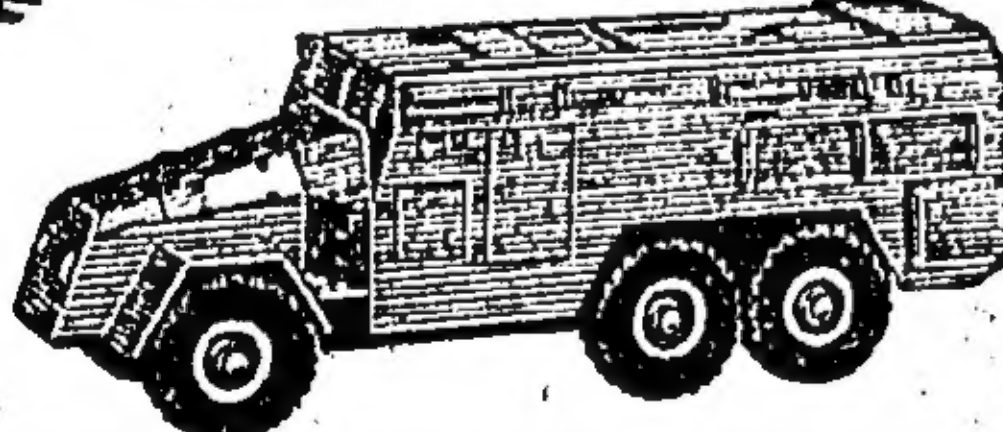
Each of these sentences has a hidden Indian tribe. Can you find them?
George Bernard Shaw, needless to say, was an Irish wit.
The silver in the dog's paw needed removal.
The World Series is an exciting baseball event.

INDIAN REBUS

The Puzzlemaster has hidden the names of four Indian tribes in his rebus. Find them by using the words and pictures to best advantage:



New this month!



Armoured Command Vehicle

This realistic miniature represents the type of vehicle used by army commanders as a radio-equipped mobile headquarters unit. The original is an A.E.C. production with drive on all wheels, and bullet-proof body. The model measures 5 1/2" in length. It is finished in service green and carries the "Desert Rat" marking of the famous 7th Armoured Division.



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INDIAN DIAMOND

The tribe of Ottawas gave the Puzzlemaster a centre for his word diamond. The second word is "a pippen", third "bristles", fifth "gapes", and sixth is an abbreviation for "Easter." Complete the diamond from these clues:

O
T
T
A
W
A
S

VOWELLESS INDIANS

Here are five famous Indians, but the Puzzlemaster left the vowels out of their names. Can you name them?

1. P W I T H
2. P C H N T S
3. S Q V H
4. S T T N G B L L
5. M S S S T

The third and fifth Indians are exceptionally hard, but the first of these invented the Cherokee alphabet and the other welcomed the Pilgrims to Massachusetts.

(Solutions on Page 19)

Going West In Books

WHEN the everyday routine grows dull and monotonous, we can always "escape" in books. Young readers often escape to the West, where any boy is a man and any girl is a woman in long dresses. Here's a list of books that provides all kinds of western settings.

Young Bill Fargo by Neta L. Frazier is a fine one to begin your western travels. Bill fought weather, Indians and bandits, looked after a little sister and hunted a lost brother. Nothing was easy in the Pacific Northwest in those days.

Caught in the stampede in a gold rush to Virginia City, young Tom Russell wondered if it was worth while, for if you struck it rich, road agents usually stole the express shipment. Vigilantes, Riders by Dale White is as exciting as the title promises.

In The Great Scoop by Loring MacKaye, Jon Olson leaves a

Legends of the Maids of the Mist

THOUSANDS and thousands of people have taken boat rides at Niagara Falls on two little boats, each named "Maid of the Mist."

They carry tourists through the swift currents and geyers at the foot of the world's most famous waterfall.

Today, these twin boats are sleek little metal craft. They were launched two years ago to replace their predecessors, two wooden boats which burned in dry-docks. The wooden ones were also called Maids of the Mist.

ROUGH

Passengers are always given waterproof coats and hats because the boats pass through heavy spray on every trip. They battle rough water at both the Canadian and American falls.

The line's officials proudly proclaim that they could navigate the rapids as far



This old photo shows the two wooden Maids of the Mist going through the waters of the Niagara. At the left is the American Falls; in the background, the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls.

as the lower bridges, two miles away, if they had to.

The old wooden boats were powered by steam. One of the interesting things about these twin boats was that they got their name from twin Indian legends.

LOVELY MAIDEN

One legend says there was once a very beautiful Indian maiden. Two warriors were in love with her and fought for her hand.

A terrific fight took place on an island on the very brink of the precipice over the falls. The men yelled and hurled vicious blows after vicious blows at each other.

Finally the brave whom the maiden loved most was struck dead by the other. She saw his body topple and fall into the water, where the swift current carried it over the falls.

In great distress the maiden leaped into her canoe, guided it into the rapids, and plunged over the falls to her beloved.

And according to this legend this Indian maiden may still be seen at the foot of Niagara Falls as a misty figure, with her arms reaching out toward the spot where she last saw the body of her beloved.

The other legend of the Maids of the Mist is about a tribal custom. This legend begins with the Erie (Cat) Tribe of Indians who lived in the Niagara area.

Ten years before, La Salle had first visited the Straits of Niagara. He had an idea that immense trade lay to the westward and set about to capitalize on it.

First he fortified the mouth of the Niagara River, for protection. Then he built the Griffon and opened up a fur trade with the land to the west. Goods were portaged around the falls.

And such was the beginning of what is now the vast Great Lakes commerce.

COLOUR DOES THINGS TO YOU

LOOK for a few minutes at a square yellow paper, then pull it away and keep looking at the white paper you had placed underneath. You will think you see a blue square, the same size and shape as the yellow one.

This blue "after image" almost ruined the business of a big Chicago meat market. To brighten up his shop, the owner had the walls painted vivid yellow.

★ ★ ★

He wondered why his customers began trading at the shop across the street, until a colour expert told him that after looking at the yellow walls his fresh red meat looked purple — as if it were ready to spoil.

When the walls were repainted bluish green, the meat looked fresher than ever, and business jumped back to normal.

Colour does many other interesting things to us.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM

1. PRACTICE DUCKING YOUR FACE UNDER IN SHALLOW WATER.

2. NEXT TRY FLOATING LIKE THIS.

3. TAKE YOUR TIME GET USED TO HAVING YOUR FACE IN THE WATER.

THEN TRY FLOATING ON YOUR STOMACH. FACE DOWN.

4. KICK YOUR FEET UP AND DOWN UNDER THE WATER AS YOU FLOAT ON YOUR FACE. KICK IN SHORT QUICK STROKES.

5. NOW YOU ARE READY TO STROKE. HOLD YOUR HANDS CUPPED. FINGERS TOGETHER.

REACH OUT AS FAR AS YOU CAN. FULL ARMS BACK BY YOUR SIDES AS FAR AS YOU CAN KICK.

6. NOW HEAD OVER WATER. LIFT KNEES AND REACH OUT. FULL WAY BACK AND KICK HARD.



Explorers to the South Pole keep their drinking water from freezing by painting their water bags black. Even when the temperature is 35 degrees below zero, black bags absorb enough heat from the sun to warm the water to 60 degrees above zero.

Snow melts much more quickly from a black macadam road than from a whiter cement one.

Black horses can't stand to work as long in the sun as white ones. And win-

—HELEN SEYMOUR

Rupert and the Old Hat—25



Rupert passed and tried to think of other ways to help the chicken, but at length he gave up and picked up his little friend, he turned sadly homeward. Crossing a slope he looks to a distant hill. There's that poor lonely scarecrow, he says. "I wonder if all moles are away."

dows with white sills will freeze shut much faster than if the frames are painted black.

Because browns and yellows are apt to make people mislead, airlines usually use green or blue for the insides of their planes and try to avoid serving foods that are yellow, such as mayonnaise.

A blue light will draw mosquitoes and red drives them away. So if you're going to be outdoors, put a blue light where you are not going to be, and a red or yellow one where you are.

★ ★ ★

During the war, colour-blind people were used to spot camouflaged guns or ships, since they see things differently than other people. Out of 40 camouflaged guns, a person with normal vision could see only 10, while a colour-blind man could see all 40.

Perhaps you "see red" when you're angry, but a bull doesn't. Or at least, he doesn't get angry because he sees red.

Animals are considered to be colour-blind, and the bull would get just as excited if the bull-fighter's cloak were black or white or green. It's the movement of the material that angers him.

But if colour doesn't do a thing to a bull, it does to you—lots of things.

The Rajah's Birthday Party



LET'S go to an exciting birthday party—that of the rajah of Udnipur (Oodle-poor). It's in the state of Rajputana, north of Bombay, India, on an island-dotted lake.

A trumpet blows. The waiting populace is in gay holiday attire. The trumpet is the signal that the ruler is leaving his pink and white marble castle high on the hill, riding his favourite elephant. The band plays, the rajah's subjects throw flowers in his path—way, salute and cheer him.

★ ★ ★

He sits majestically on his throne-like seat on this huge elephant, wearing a turban and costume of bright-coloured silks and velvets encrusted with thousands of precious jewels.

The elephant wears a red velvet drape, trimmed with gold, and around its ankles are tiny dangling bells.

Now they have arrived at the centre of town, where the exciting event of the day takes place—the duel of the elephants and the distribution of the birthday money.

On each side of a stone wall, about as high as an elephant's thigh, stand the combatants. Each animal has one front and one hind foot chained to a support, so they won't get out of hand and kill each other.

—GENEVIEVE BRUNSON

An Old Broken Gate

—It Suddenly Came to Life When The Wind Blew—

By MAX TRELL

IT was Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, who told Hiawatha, the Wooden Indian Boy, about it and Hiawatha, of course, had immediately told it to his friend Knarf, the Shadow Boy. So now there were three people who knew about it.

What it was was this. According to Teddy, there was a gate in the fence behind the house that hadn't been used for a long time. It was old and broken.

But a wonderful thing happened to this gate on a windy day. It opened and shut. It swung back and forth. It was better there a swing! At least that's what Teddy said!

"Come around and I'll show you," Teddy said to his two friends.

So they followed the fence around to the back of the house and there, sure enough, was the old broken-down gate. It hung lopsidedly on one hinge.

It Disappears

"But it's not swinging!" said Knarf.

Teddy said sadly: "That's because there's no wind blowing."

"But how do you get the wind to blow if it's not blowing?" said Hiawatha, the little Wooden Indian Boy.

Anyway, they all climbed on top of the gate and sat there waiting for the wind to blow.

"You never can tell about the wind," said Teddy. "Sometimes when it isn't blowing, all of a sudden there it is, blowing all around. And sometimes," he added, "when it is blowing, all of a sudden it stops blowing and disappears. Nobody knows where it comes from, when it comes, and nobody knows where it goes, when it goes."

So Knarf, Teddy and Hiawatha kept sitting on the fence, hoping that all of a sudden the wind that wasn't would start blowing.

And all of a sudden it did!



The three friends were swinging on the gate.

Hiawatha listened very carefully. He could understand the language of sparrows and crickets, and even earthworms.

"What's the gate saying, Hi?" Teddy asked him.

"It's saying," said Hiawatha, "that it remembers the time, many years ago, when Grandfather was a small boy. Grandfather used to swing on this gate just as we're going now."

"That certainly must have been a long time ago," said Knarf. "Grandfather is an old man now."

Suddenly the wind stopped blowing. The gate stopped swinging.

"It's tired now," said Hiawatha. "It isn't saying anything."

It Fell Asleep

"It must have fallen asleep," said Teddy. "It always falls asleep when the wind blows away."

It wasn't any use waiting. The wind didn't wake up. Knarf and Teddy and Hiawatha walked slowly away.

And then just as they reached the kitchen door, the wind blew up again. The gate squeaked and rattled loudly just as it did before.

Once more Hiawatha listened. "It's saying, good-by. It's saying come back again soon."

"It's a wonderful old gate," said Knarf.

"Just think," said Teddy. "It knows Grandfather when Grandfather wasn't even Grandfather—he was just a little boy."

When Knarf, Teddy and Hiawatha, the little Wooden Indian boys, opened the kitchen door and went inside.

SATURDAY, JULY 27

SUNDAY, JULY 28

MONDAY, JULY 29

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: [Illegible text]

TOTAL When scholars fall did she spend half my income take a special count. The city
WAS out, and wall on people and mudboths but reckoned that the population

BOMBER military planes she got from the West.



100

"Who sees me about a job?"

by OSWALD JACOBY

21. Peterborough (4)
22. Macdonald (5)



14. Queen's Rd., C., Hongkong. Telephone 22502-33617

HRG

10-10-68

VOWELLESS INDIANS: Powhatan;
Pocahontas; Sequoyah; Sitting Bull;

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20 SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1957.

NEW! SHEAFFERS
Feathertouch
BALLPOINT

FRENCH GOVERNMENT ACHIEVES OBJECT Ratification Of European Market Treaty

Paris, July 26
The Prime Minister, M. Maurice Bourges-Maunoury, closed the present session of Parliament tonight and sent the deputies and senators on vacation until October.

He was able to look back on a series of outstanding achievements. First under his two-month-old government France has finally ratified the European common market and the European atom pool treaties.

Secondly, the Prime Minister has been able, in the face of strong opposition, to obtain far-reaching emergency powers for the police in France aimed at putting an end to terrorism by Algerian nationalist agents among the 300,000 Algerian Moslem workers in Metropolitan France.

Thirdly, the Government, which inherited a very difficult financial situation with France's stock of gold and foreign currency seriously diminished, has launched an austerity programme of considerable dimensions.

Fourthly, the Government has made progress, it was reliably learned, in preparing the draft of a new political status for Algeria. This draft document will be examined by the Council of Ministers next week. Its object is to give the widest possible measure of local self-government without weakening the sovereignty of France over the territory of Algeria.

MAKE ROOM

This plan is reported to make room for close co-operation between France, Tunisia and Morocco and also French Equatorial and French West Africa.

These plans, of course, centre around a common organisation and exploitation of the wealth of the Sahara. They provide for the possibility of linking

Spain and Libya to these efforts.

It is expected here that the new political statute for Algeria will provide the basis for France's answer to any criticism that a new discussion of Algeria by the United Nations Assembly might provoke.

Although Parliament is not due to reassemble until the first Tuesday of October, the Prime Minister may call the deputies back a week earlier in order to give plenty of time for them to consider the terms of the new political institutions the Government wants to introduce in North Africa.—Reuter.

South China Beat Perak

Ipoh, July 26.
South China scored the biggest victory of their Malayan tour today when they beat Perak State by eight goals to nil.

Six thousand fans saw South China pile up the goals against a weakened Perak team. The tourists fielded the same forward line that beat Malayan Chinese for the Ho Ho Cup last Saturday.—Reuter.

County Standings

London, July 26.
Positions in the English County Cricket Championship after matches ending today are: (Read under headings team, played, won, lost, drawn, no decision, first innings lead in match lost, first innings lead in match drawn, bonus points, total points.)

Surrey	18	14	1	3	0	1	3	32	266
Northamptonshire	18	9	1	8	1	0	6	14	134
Warwickshire	18	9	4	5	7	0	2	20	132
Derbyshire	18	9	3	7	0	0	2	14	126
Yorkshire	18	8	6	5	0	0	2	40	110
Essex	18	8	3	7	1	0	1	8	106
Glamorgan	18	7	0	3	2	1	1	16	104
Lancashire	18	7	0	3	2	1	1	16	104
Middlesex	18	7	0	3	2	1	1	16	104
Somerset	20	6	10	4	0	2	3	12	60
Hampshire	18	5	7	0	1	0	3	12	78
Sussex	18	3	7	7	1	2	4	10	64
Worcestershire	17	3	6	8	1	1	4	8	60
Gloucestershire	18	3	11	4	0	1	4	14	66
Kent	18	3	10	0	1	2	4	14	66
Nottinghamshire	18	2	10	0	0	3	0	4	40
Leicestershire	20	2	13	5	0	2	3	2	30

—Reuter.

YORKSHIRE MAKE LATE BID

London, July 26.
Yorkshire, making a determined late bid to finish among the leaders in the County Cricket Championship today, scored their fourth win this month with a five wickets victory over Hampshire at Bournemouth.

Yorkshire increased their points total to 120—six points behind Derbyshire who are fourth with 132 points.

There was no change in the top four places as the counties concerned were not engaged in championship matches today.

Set to make 142 to win Yorkshire approached their task so lightly that they were chiefly indebted to a brilliant partnership by their young opening batsmen Brian Stott and Middlesex, who twice declared gained a comfortable victory by 200 runs. They owed much to effective offspin bowling of Fred Titmus whose five wickets cost him only 15 runs.

Trapped on a treacherous pitch at Bournemouth after heavy rain during the night Essex were dismissed in the hours before lunch for 33 and Middlesex, who twice declared gained a comfortable victory by 200 runs. They owed much to effective offspin bowling of Fred Titmus whose five wickets cost him only 15 runs.

County Results

At Lords: Middlesex beat Essex by 200 runs. Middlesex 337 for six (declared) and 141 for six (declared). Essex 188 and 83 (Titmus five for 15). Middlesex fourteen points.

At Birmingham: Warwickshire beat Scotland by an innings and 76 runs. Warwickshire 287 for five declared. Scotland 63 and 149.

At Bournemouth: Yorkshire beat Hampshire by five wickets. Hampshire 110 and 218. Illingworth six for 62. Yorkshire 187 and 138 for five (Stott 50). Yorkshire 14 points.

At Manchester: Match abandoned. No play today. Lancashire 120, Lancashire 32 for one.—Reuter.

Singapore, July 26.

Singapore tonight won all five games in an exhibition contest against Japan's Thomas Cup badminton team.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"You should write cowboy novels in your spare time, Marge—all the plots you'd need are acted right in your own home!"

H.K. Lose Esplen Cup Match

London, July 26.
The Hongkong lawn bowls team were beaten 30-25 in the Esplen Cup match by Walsley B.C. here today in the last match of their five-day tour.

Hongkong pulled up well in the last four ends, scoring eight after losing 2-5 and 7-4. J.K. Sloan was their outstanding player.

The following were the scores in the three triples matches also played: Hongkong (S. Hamchand, D. Neld, J.A. Fox) 25; Walsley 14; Hongkong (R. Brown, R. O. Butler, C. J. Askew) 22; Walsley 28. Hongkong (A. Brown, W. C. Hogg, G. Arliss) 17; Walsley 20. L. Whant and W. T. French played for Walsley in this last game.—Reuter.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley; 11.30. London Play House—"Dear Muriel"; 12 Noon, Tune Time; 1.30 p.m. Three Men On A Horse—Neil Tormes, Fred Astaire and Julius La Rosa; Keyboard Capers—Featuring Evelyn Toner At The Keyboard; 2. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 3. George Melachrino and his Orchestra; 4. Saturday Requests—Presented by Betty; 5. Song of the Week; 6. The Song of the Week; 7. The Song of the Week; 8. The Song of the Week; 9. The Song of the Week; 10. The Song of the Week; 11. The Song of the Week; 12. The Song of the Week; 13. The Song of the Week; 14. The Song of the Week; 15. The Song of the Week; 16. The Song of the Week; 17. The Song of the Week; 18. The Song of the Week; 19. The Song of the Week; 20. The Song of the Week; 21. The Song of the Week; 22. The Song of the Week; 23. The Song of the Week; 24. The Song of the Week; 25. The Song of the Week; 26. The Song of the Week; 27. The Song of the Week; 28. The Song of the Week; 29. The Song of the Week; 30. 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